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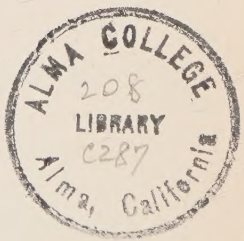

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Father Mathew:

the Apostle of Temperance.

(1790-1856.)

BY THE REV. W. H. COLOGAN.

His Birth and Early Years.

THEOBALD Mathew was born at Thomastown, County Tipperary, on October 10th, 1790. His father was James Mathew, a gentleman of good family and closely related to the Earl of Llandaff; his mother was Anne, daughter of George Whyte, Esq., of Cappawhyte, a lady of singular personal beauty and of great delicacy of character. James Mathew had been adopted by his relative, George Mathew, first Earl of Llandaff, and spent a great part of his life at the residence of the Earl, Thomastown Castle, a fine mansion surrounded by a well-wooded park, situated in the Golden Vale, and within a very few miles of the historic town of Cashel. Here it was that Theobald, the fourth son of a large family, was born. A few years later, James Mathew left Thomastown Castle and settled on a large farm, called Rathcloheen, close by; still retaining the affection

and the patronage of his noble kinsman. Rathcloheen continued to be for many years the home of this branch of the Mathew family, and it was hither that the "reverend uncle" (as Theobald was afterwards called), worn out by his missionary labours, would spend once a year a few days in rest.

Theobald's early years were spent at his mother's side, and from her he received much of that sweetness of disposition for which, quite as much as for zeal and enthusiasm, the future apostle was so greatly distinguished. Whilst his brothers were engaged at their sports and games, Theobald was in attendance upon his mother, helping her to the best of his power and entertaining her with affectionate conversation. He was the favourite, and the other children knew it; yet there was no jealousy, for the power he acquired with his parents was used in his brothers' and sisters' favour, and many a time when the others returned home from a ramble or from a romp in the fields they would find some little treat awaiting them, the result of Theobald's solicitation in their behalf. Even at this early age his pleasure consisted in doing good; and he was never so happy as when presiding over some feast which he had procured for his brothers and sisters or companions, or when allowed to distribute his mother's charities to the poor of the neighbourhood. This loving and lovable disposition, this eagerness for the good of those around him, caused him to be respected and even obeyed by his own circle and to be beloved by the neighbours, rich and poor, and was the origin of that extraordinary power which he afterwards wielded over multitudes.

In his twelfth year he was sent, through the means of Lady Elizabeth Mathew, daughter of the Earl of Landaff, to a good school at Kilkenny. Here, though his talents were not brilliant, by constant application and attention he made great progress in his studies; and by his unvarying good conduct, by his gentleness and amiability, and by his readiness to do a good service whenever the opportunity offered, he soon gained the esteem both of masters and scholars. One of his schoolfellows, writing

in after years, in the *Dublin Review*, says of Theobald Mathew at this period of his life:

> Incapable of anger or resentment, utterly free from selfishness, always anxious to share with others whatever he possessed, jealous of the affections of those to whom he was particularly attached, remarkably gentle in his manners, fond of expressing himself in smiles rather than in language, averse from the boisterous amusements to which boys in general are prone, and preferring to them quiet walks by the banks of a river, by the side of green hedges, in company with two or three select associates, and yet very far from being of a pensive disposition—on the contrary, so cheerful that the slightest ludicrous occurrence turned the smile he generally wore into hearty laughter—he grew up esteemed by everybody who knew him. Even in his boyhood he seemed never to live for himself; and yet by not seeking it he exercised an influence upon those around him, which they never thought of questioning. Such was his character in his early days.

His Ordination and Missionary Life.

He had already announced his desire of becoming a priest, so after completing his course at Kilkenny he was sent, in September, 1807, to the seminary of Maynooth. But he did not remain there long, for in the following year, yielding to his inclination of affording pleasure to those around him, he gave a party in his room to his fellow students. This was a grave violation of the rules, and on hearing that his fault was to be brought before the superiors, without waiting for the inquiry to be held, he resigned his place and left the College.

Then, influenced by the example of two holy Capuchin fathers with whom he became acquainted, he joined the Franciscan Order, and proceeding to Dublin he placed himself under the direction of Father Celestine Corcoran, the Superior. From this holy man Theobald Mathew received his ecclesiastical training, and on Holy Saturday, 1814, he was ordained priest by Dr. Murray, then Archbishop of Dublin. After spending a short while at home, during which he helped the neighbouring clergy, preaching his first sermon in the little chapel of Kilfeacle, he was sent to Kilkenny, to serve the Capuchin mission in a very poor quarter of that

town. Here, by his zealous application to his missionary duties and especially by close attendance in the confessional, and by his charity, he soon rose to a very prominent position and was much sought after as a director. But, owing to an unfortunate misunderstanding, his stay at Kilkenny was but brief. The Bishop, Dr. Marum, acting upon some information which he had received, sent Father Mathew a peremptory order to cease hearing confessions. Father Mathew obeyed the order the very instant he received it; and, though explanations were given and the prohibition was entirely withdrawn, he resolved to quit the diocese.

He was sent to the "Little Friary" at Cork, and this city—"the city of my adoption," as he afterwards called it—was, for the remainder of his life, the centre of his labours as a missioner and a reformer. His superior at the Little Friary—a small and poor chapel served by two Capuchins—was Father Daniel Donovan, a priest of rough exterior and a somewhat hasty disposition, but of sterling worth and of tender-hearted charity. He had been chaplain to a noble family in France at the time of the revolution, and on the flight of his patron was himself taken and condemned to death, being rescued on the very planks of the guillotine by the tact of an Irish officer in the French Army. Father Donovan and Father Mathew—the one so rough and heedless, the other polished and measured in words and actions, yet genuine diamonds both—soon became deeply attached to each other. Father Donovan treated his younger coadjutor as a son, watched over him with an affectionate care, and to the best of his power supplied his wants; Father Mathew reverenced his superior with a truly filial affection, and when, a few years later, Father Donovan was taken from him by death, his grief was so intense, as to be a source of temptation to him.

A zealous priest like Theobald Mathew would soon find plenty to do in a busy city like Cork. He was heart and soul devoted to the poor. He visited them in their houses, consoled them in their troubles, counselled them in their doubts, strengthened them and

prayed for them at their death beds; he cared for their bodies as well as their souls, and was profuse in his charities; he was at their service night and day. No wonder then that, devoted as the Irish people are to all priests, the poor of Cork looked upon Father Mathew in a special manner as their own, and in consequence he had a great influence over them. Numbers sought him as a director, and he was in his confessional for many hours each day, on the eves of great feasts and on Saturdays not unfrequently sitting there as long as fifteen hours. Nor were his duties in the confessional confined to penitents of his own parish; as soon as Father Mathew's ability as a director and his kindness towards those who were troubled in conscience became known, people flocked to him not only from all parts of the city, but also from the surrounding country. It used to be said that if a firkin of butter were brought to Cork market, the bearer of it would not return home till he had been to confession to Father Mathew. His character as a confessor was thus summed up by a servant who was asked by her mistress how she liked Father Mathew as a director: "Indeed, ma'am he's a beautiful director, not a doubt about it; but"—"Well, what do you mean by 'but?'" "Well, ma'am, the worse you are in the beginning the more he'd like you, and the better he'd use you; but if you didn't improve very soon, there's no usage too bad for you."

But it was not as a confessor only that Father Mathew was sought after. Those who attended the services at the Little Friary—few at first but afterwards in such numbers that the little chapel was unable to contain the worshippers—found themselves deeply moved by the words which fell from the lips of the young priest. His power in the pulpit soon became more widely known, and in a few years after his coming to Cork he was in as high esteem as a popular preacher as any priest in the city. And yet if we look back on the fragments of his sermons that remain, we shall not find in them any flights of oratory, nor any instances of a polished style; indeed those who have heard him frequently tell us

that, in his younger days especially, he violated many of the rules of rhetoric and even of what would be considered good taste. But his hearers came to be taught and to be moved, not to criticize; and the young preacher was thoroughly in touch with the feelings of his audience. He had the talent of describing sacred incidents with their minute details, in a manner entirely in harmony with the poetry of the Irish character; and his listeners, feeling the scenes which were pictured to them as if actually present, would break out into sobs and cries. He had particular success in his sermons on the Sacred Passion and in behalf of the charities for which he was frequently called upon to appeal; the former subject allowed free scope to his descriptive power of the pathetic, and he himself was moved as deeply as any of his hearers; the other was congenial to his own generous disposition and to his deep-seated love for the poor.

The great secret of his power as a preacher was undoubtedly his earnestness; however much one might have been disposed to criticize, one could not help feeling that the preacher was himself deeply impressed with the truth or maxim which he sought to impart, and this more than atoned for any rhetorical faults there might be in his discourse. As years went on, and he acquired more experience, his style improved; and his voice, which was for some years thin and weak, gained greatly in quality and in power. But even at the period of his highest fame, when he was most sought after and when he had to speak several times a day, it was still his straightforward earnestness that forced persuasion.

His personal appearance at this time—while he was still young—was of great advantage to him, which was perhaps increased by the fact that he was unaware of it. His face was round, his features exquisitely modelled, and his head, fringed with heavy black hair, gracefully set upon his shoulders; his dark, bright eye gave an air of intelligence and animation to his whole countenance; his nose was somewhat large, yet not

out of proportion, and finely formed; the mouth was of singular beauty and seemed to indicate at once benevolence and strength of will. Though short of stature and of full figure, slightly inclined to corpulence, there was grace and dignity in his movements, a natural nobility which was in no way lessened by the modesty of his demeanour and the affability of his manners. He was well fitted by nature—or rather by Divine Providence—to be a popular leader. A foreign writer, M. Kohl, who saw Father Mathew when care and incessant work had left its traces on the once beautiful features, perceived a striking likeness to Napoleon the Great; there was in truth a resemblance, but the comparison is greatly to the advantage of the Capuchin friar. In Napoleon we may recognize the giant intelligence and strength of will, but the great conqueror looks upon us with a haughty glance that tells of self-seeking and pride; Father Mathew's bright and cheerful face is all smiles and good will.

Father Mathew came to Cork in 1814, fifteen years before Emancipation was passed, and priests were still living and working in the city who had received their education in the "hedge schools," in which the scholars, besides learning their lessons, had to be constantly on the watch to protect the life of their teachers from spies or the soldiery. As a natural consequence, religion was not in a flourishing state; and though the people had jealously guarded their faith and were firmly attached to the Church, yet by the state of the times they had to be content with the essentials of religion and were deprived of many of the spiritual helps which came to them later on. But Theobald Mathew was not of a character to let the grass grow under his feet, or to allow the needs of the poor to be unsupplied if he could possibly help it. He had great opportunities for doing good afforded him through the large numbers that attended the Little Friary—attracted mainly through Father Mathew's preaching and through his reputation as a confessor—and he lost no time in making use of these opportunities. His intention was in the first place

given to educating poor children, numbers of whom wandered about the streets growing up in idleness and in gross ignorance. With the assistance of some ladies, he opened a girls' school in a barn close to the chapel of the Friary; this school was well attended from the first, and by the time that Father Mathew became known to the outer world there were five hundred girls being educated within its walls. A boys' school was also opened later; and the young arabs, ragged, barefooted, and ignorant in the extreme when they first attended the school, were not only taught, receiving a good secular and religious education, but were also clothed and turned into respectable members of society. The boys served at the altar and took part in the services, and the chapel of the Little Friary was soon distinguished among the churches of Cork for the solemnity with which the ceremonies were performed. As the boys grew up they were invited to impart to others the education they had themselves received, and the young men were employed as catechists and as assistants to the regular teachers. They also assisted in visiting the sick and poor, and Father Mathew may be credited with organizing a society which was doing the work of the society of St. Vincent de Paul even before Ozanam had established his brotherhood in France. A good lending library was another of Father Mathew's foundations; and finally, but by no means least in importance, in 1830 he took on long lease the Botanic Gardens of Cork and laid them out as a cemetery; the place is still known as "Father Mathew's Cemetery."

In 1832, Cork was subjected to a severe visitation of Asiatic cholera. The plague raged with fearful intensity in all parts of the city, but particularly in the close and squalid quarters of the poor. The hospitals were crowded, and numbers were stricken and dying in their homes; and with illness, and the death of the bread-winner, came poverty and want. At this critical time Father Mathew's untiring energy was displayed in a marvellous manner. Not only did he give constant attention to the sick of his own parish, but he also rendered

great assistance to the neighbouring clergy, many of whom were over-worked: he was also most assiduous in visiting the large hospital in his district, not only providing for the spiritual and temporal wants of the individual patients, but also seeing that the nurses and servants were very exact in performing their duties. He even took to himself as a favour the greater share of the night work at the hospital, thus allowing the other clergy to have a better chance of rest after the day's exertions. He also organized a system of relief for the sufferers, himself sending large contributions not only to the poor in their homes, but also to the hospitals. For many years Father Mathew's wonderful energy and open-handed charity during the time of the cholera was spoken of with gratitude and admiration.

The Temperance Movement and its Progress in Cork.

While Father Mathew was thus busy in Cork a movement which had been started in America was steadily gaining a firm footing in the Old World. In 1829, Temperance Societies were formed at New Ross, County Wexford, and at Belfast, and by the end of the year there were sixty Temperance Societies in Ireland, though the number of those who joined was comparatively very small. In Scotland the number of Temperance advocates, though somewhat higher, was still but trifling compared to the whole population. In England itself the advance was on a similar scale. So far the movement was directed almost entirely against the use of spirits, wine and malt liquors being allowed in moderation to the members. But it was soon discovered that these half measures were powerless to attain the object aimed at—the cure and prevention of intemperance—and in 1832 John Livesey and a few others started, at Preston, a society on total abstinence principles.

In Cork there was a small Temperance Society of which the most prominent member was William Martin—or, as he was popularly called, "Billy" Martin—a

Quaker; a man enthusiastic in the cause of Temperance, advocating it in season and out of season, thundering out from the platform in plain spoken and fervent, if not very rhetorical, language the evils of intemperance and the blessings of teetotalism, or insinuating the same to any listener whom he could "button-hole"—yet the Temperance cause made little or no progress in Cork. Among those on whom Mr. Martin tried the force of his persuasion was Father Mathew. The priest and the Quaker were both guardians—or governors, as they were then called—of the House of Industry or Workhouse, and Mr. Martin would never fail on meeting an unusual case of distress or of crime to point his moral, and to assert that it was drink that had brought the poor sufferers to such a state of misery, and, as if with a prophet's eye, he would appeal to Father Mathew for help, "O, Theobald Mathew, if *thou* wouldst take the cause in hand, thou couldst do such good to these poor creatures!" Day after day were these scenes of misery repeated in the Cork Workhouse, and day after day did Martin appeal to the good priest's charity.

Theobald Mathew was now in his forty-seventh year. Some twenty years of incessant zealous labour among the poor, his great and generous efforts in their behalf, together with his reputation as a preacher, and his daily work of many hours in the confessional, had not only raised him to a position of influence beyond that of any priest in the south of Ireland but had also enriched him with an experience and a knowledge of the life of the poor such as is rarely obtained. He knew, none better, the ravages caused by intemperance to the spiritual and temporal life of those to whom he was so devoted. He knew also that the people trusted him and looked to him as to a father for advice; consequently Mr. Martin's appeal was not made to a deaf ear. But for a considerable time Father Mathew did not see his way. The Temperance body was very small in numbers, and though the promoters were individually much respected, the movement itself was looked upon with no little ridicule. As it had hitherto been confined to

those outside the Church, there was in those days no little danger of the movement being viewed with positive disfavour by a Catholic people still smarting from a cruel religious persecution. He could not see his way to taking part in the movement; yet the words "If *thou* wouldst but take the cause in hand" haunted him, and in his doubt he took refuge in long and fervent prayer.

At last he sent for William Martin, and the two arranged that a Temperance meeting should be held under Father Mathew's auspices. On the 10th April, 1838, the first Catholic Temperance meeting was held in Father Mathew's school room. Father Mathew presided; Mr. Martin, and a few others were on the platform and there was a fair number of respectable people, but those for whose benefit the meeting was chiefly held were conspicuous by their absence. Father Mathew explained the object of the meeting, dwelt on the benefits of Temperance and on the influence of good example, told them that he himself would take the pledge and invited those present to do the same. Then taking the pen, he said "Here goes, in the name of God!" and wrote in a large book lying on the table, "Rev. Theobald Mathew, C.C., 1, Cove Street, Cork." About sixty others signed the book that night.

Meetings were then held twice a week in the evenings and after Mass on Sundays, and each meeting added largely to the roll of pledged abstainers. The movement spread not merely with unusual rapidity, but like wildfire. "Father Mathew had got a society of his own," and there was magic in Father Mathew's name. The meetings in the school-room had to be abandoned, the crowds being now too great for the room; but the Horse Bazaar, a building capable of holding four thousand people, was placed at Father Mathew's disposal, and this became the home and centre of the temperance cause. Night after night Father Mathew and those who were helping him spoke to densely crowded audiences; the speakers appealing sometimes in impassioned language with all the fervour of natural but untutored eloquence, sometimes with a laugh-pro-

voking anecdote, sometimes with the picture of a temperate home, sometimes with the vivid description of some scene of misery, the result of drunkenness—but always was the same lesson enforced—the evils of intemperance, the blessing of teetotalism. In three months from the day on which Father Mathew had taken the pledge, 25,000 persons had followed his example: in five months the number had increased to 130,000; and before the close of the year there were 156,000 names on the roll.

Besides the meetings at the Horse Bazaar, the house in Cove Street had come to be a constant place of resort for those who would take the pledge. Indeed, a great number who would never have attended a meeting were induced by their friends to pay a visit to "Father Mathew's parlour." This "parlour"—an apartment poorly furnished and of very modest dimensions—became before long impregnated with the smell of whisky and other drink: and many a strange and perhaps heart-rending scene was enacted there. At one time a strong, drunken, ruffianly-looking man might be seen struggling with a careworn wife, she clinging to him and begging him to "Wait for the holy priest," he casting her off and endeavouring to break from others who sought to stay him, until at last Father Mathew's strong hand was laid upon his shoulder, and, half yielding, half forced, he was brought upon his knees and repeated the formula of the pledge rising up an altered man. At another time some poor creature would throw herself on her knees before the Father begging him for the love of Heaven to save her from the devil that was dragging her to hell. Saturday and Monday nights always brought a rich harvest to "the parlour" and Father Mathew—who meanwhile remitted none of his other parochial duties—was always ready to receive poor drunkards and welcome recruits, administering the pledge and giving good advice and dismissing each with his blessing and in many cases with substantial assistance. In this work he was constantly employed for several hours a day.

The long roll of pledged abstainers was not made up of the inhabitants of Cork alone. As Father Mathew's fame as a parish priest had spread far and wide, so also the success of the Temperance movement was noised abroad. People read the accounts of the meetings that were being held, presided over by the priest whom all esteemed; they heard how great numbers had taken the pledge in Cork and how a great reformation was being effected, and then from all parts of Ireland people came to take the pledge from Father Mathew and receive his blessing. Men and women were to be seen in the streets of Cork, with their bundles in their hands, weary and footsore after a journey of several days on foot, making their way to Cove Street, and there joining in the batches of ten, twenty, or thirty who knelt before the "Apostle of Temperance" and solemnly promised to abstain from strong drink for the rest of their life.

Temperance Missions in Ireland.

Invitations now came pouring in upon Father Mathew begging that he would visit various towns to preach the new crusade and organize local temperance societies. For some time he resisted, loth to quit his own city; but after a while he became convinced of the immense benefit that would be derived from a temperance campaign. And now began a new phase in the movement and a series of extraordinary triumphs such as has seldom attended the efforts of any reformer.

Limerick was the first place he visited, having been invited by the Bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. Ryan. He came in the first week of December, 1839, and remained there four days. The crowd which flocked to the town from the surrounding neighbourhood and the adjoining counties was so great that the authorities threw open the public buildings to afford the strangers shelter for the night, and the food supply ran short. The people fought and struggled till they found themselves in his presence; the iron railings in front of the house where he was staying were carried away by the pressure of the crowd;

it is even asserted by eye-witnesses that the horses of the Scots Grey, who were present to keep order, were not unfrequently lifted from the ground with their riders, and carried for some distance by the rushing multitude. During these four days Father Mathew laboured incessantly, preaching, exhorting, administering the pledge, and the result was an increase of one hundred and fifty thousand to the cause of temperance.

The same month he went to Waterford, where a like reception was accorded him; and whereas it had been expected that he might gain over some three or four thousand, in three days not less than eighty-thousand received the pledge at his hands.

He returned to Cork for Christmas, and was for a short time engaged at the Little Friary in his duties as parish priest, and in forwarding the temperance cause in his own town. But the state of affairs had changed even there; for though the Horse Bazaar was still the centre of teetotalism, and Father Mathew's parlour continued to be besieged when he was at home, yet other societies had sprung up in the neighbourhood and temperance rooms, where the men could meet to read and chat or play at harmless games, had been opened; these had to be visited from time to time, and brought additional work upon the Apostle.

After a short stay—it cannot be called "rest"—at Cork, Father Mathew again set out on his mission, meeting everywhere with the most enthusiastic reception. The scene at Parsontown is thus described by a priest who was present:

In front of the chapel was stationed a large body of police, presenting a very fine and well diciplined force; outside these were the rifles on bended knee, with bayonets fixed and pointed, forming a barrier to oppose the rushing multitudes, whilst within and without this barrier to keep the passage clear, the cavalry in all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, with flags waving to the wind—moved up and down in slow and measured pace. Beyond and as far as the eye could reach were the congregated masses waving to and fro with every new impulse, and by their united voices producing a deep indistinct sound like the murmur of the ruffled waters of the sea. Within the vicarial residence, and in

strong contrast to the stirring scene without, sat the mild, unassuming, but extraordinary man, round whom had collected this display of martial and numerical force. He seemed perfectly unconscious of the excitement he had produced, and spoke and acted as if he regarded himself as the least remarkable man of the age.

Dublin was visited in March, 1840, and Father Mathew received a hearty welcome from Archbishop Murray. Day after day open air meetings were held in Beresford Place; addresses were constantly delivered and the pledge was administered to thousands. At one of these meetings Father Mathew alluded to the immense benefits which would arise were ladies to join in the movement. Word was brought to him that if a meeting for ladies were organized a good number would probably take the pledge; a meeting was accordingly held in the Royal Exchange, and 500 ladies enrolled themselves as total abstainers.

His next visit of importance was to Maynooth, the College for the Irish priesthood. Father Mathew delivered addresses to the two divisions of the house—junior and senior,—addresses which were more than usually soul-stirring and persuasive, with the result that eight professors and 250 students took the pledge at his hands. He also delivered addresses to the people of the town and neighbourhood, and administered 36,000 pledges on the occasion of this visit. Later on in the same year Carlow was added to the long list of places visited by Father Mathew, and a number of students in the ecclesiastical college of that town were enrolled.

It would be impossible to give anything like a complete record of Father Mathew's labours for the cause of temperance in Ireland. Town after town was visited, some of them, as Limerick and Dublin, more than once, and not the towns merely, but villages and hamlets, in fact by the time that his strength had failed and the long hours, day after day, of standing, fasting, and speaking, together with the tremendous mental strain, had left that once robust constitution a mere wreck, there was scarcely a parish in Ireland where Father Mathew was not well known and where he had not numerous adherents. His mission had begun in 1838, and by the

summer of 1843 he had administered 5,000,000 pledges. Temperance societies sprung up everywhere. Reading rooms, coffee taverns, and above all bands, noisy if not musical, were started to keep alive and to spread the movement. With the spread of temperance came a corresponding diminution of crime, as the following figures will show :

Convictions in	1839	12,049
,,	,, 1840	11,194
,,	,, 1841	9,287
,,	,, 1842	9,875
,,	,, 1843	8,620
,,	,, 1844	8,042
,,	,, 1845	7,101

The number of death sentences decreased from 66 in 1839, to 13 in 1845 ; the number of sentences to transportation were 966 in 1839, and 428 in 1845.

There was a like decrease in the consumption of spirits throughout the country. In 1839, £1,434,573, of duty were paid on 12,296,000 gallons of spirits ; in 1845, £860,151 were paid on 6,451,237 gallons. Indeed so greatly did the consumption of spirits and malt liquors decrease that many distillers and publicans—some of Father Mathew's near relations among the former—had to close their premises. Yet in many cases these were not ruined but changed their trade, and, until the time of the famine, bakers, grocers and dairymen, did a much brisker business than before.

Innumerable were the testimonies in favour of the good results of the Temperance movement. In July 1840 the following passage was read in a proclamation issued by the Lord Lieutenant, Lord Ebrington ;

"To the benefits which the temperance pledge has conferred upon Ireland, in the improved habits of the people, and in the diminution of outrage, his Excellency bears a willing and a grateful testimony." This gave rise to some discussion in the House of Lords and several peers spoke strongly in favour of the Temper-

ance movement and of Father Mathew himself. The Secretary for Ireland, Lord Morpeth, also bore testimony both in the House and at the annual dinner at the Mansion House, Dublin, to the greatly improved condition of the people owing to Father Mathew's influence. Besides these a host of other witnesses, persons of position and of talent, referred to the Temperance movement as the great reformation of the age.

Father Mathew's labours were wonderful. He travelled, with marvellous rapidity for those days, when all journeys of any length had to be performed by stage coach, visiting some distant part of the island and returning a few days after to Cork to find fresh work awaiting him; then again off to some other district, returning home directly the mission was over. His correspondence was enormous and kept five or six secretaries constantly employed. Home was not a place of rest to him, for his little parlour in Cove Street was beset from morning to night with parties, frequently from a distance, wanting to take the pledge, or with visitors who came to inquire into the progress of the movement, or with priests or others coming to organize a fresh mission; and Father Mathew always managed to find time for them all. Up early and in bed late, punctual, methodical, always busy, yet never hurried and never put out, Father Mathew got through each day an incredible amount of work.

Temperance Missions in Great Britian.

As has already been mentioned, the Temperance movement had already been started in Great Britain when Father Mathew began his apostleship in Ireland. But it was making little or no progress among Catholics, the number of whom was day by day increasing both in England and in Scotland, owing chiefly to the immigration of Irish. As the work was now fully established in Ireland, Father Mathew turned his attention to the sister countries where so many of his compatriots had settled, many of them under the baneful influence

of intemperance. Pressing invitations were sent to him begging him to visit the large towns of Great Britain and raise the Irish populations there from the drunkenness, with its consequent misery, to which so many were addicted, to sobriety, thrift, and respectability.

Glasgow was the place chosen for his first mission, and the choice was a good one. He landed in Scotland August 13, 1842, arriving at Glasgow the same evening; and received a hearty welcome not only from the Catholic clergy and laity, but also from the various non-Catholic temperance bodies. As usual he lost no time in setting to work; the morning after his arrival he preached in the Cathedral to an immense congregation, and afterwards spent a considerable time in administering the pledge. Monday was spent much in the same way; and on Tuesday Father Mathew's advent was celebrated by a procession and a large public meeting, together with a banquet in the City Hall, at which representatives from temperance societies of all parts of Scotland were present to do honour to the Apostle of the cause.

Father Mathew's stay in Glasgow was short—a little over a week—but was very fruitful in its results. On the day of the great public meeting some 12,000 people took the pledge, but on the following day the number was so great that the attempt to count them was abandoned. A Presbyterian clergyman speaks as follows of the effects of the mission:

> We seldom met with a person from Ireland either charged with intemperance or theft. But the result of the good man's labours were still more visibly seen in the lower parts of the city. In the district we visited, for example, as a city missionary, there was a close off High Street which contained about eighty families, the majority of whom were Catholics. The people were so uproarious that they almost required a policeman constantly with them. On a Wednesday morning, however, most of the adults and a number of the juveniles set off in a body to the Cattle Market and took the pledge from Father Mathew. From that day till May, 1845, when we left the district, there was not a quieter close, considering the number of inhabitants, in the city. A number are still adhering to

the pledge, and their orderly demeanour is an agreeable contrast to several of their tippling Protestant neighbours.*

His return to Cork, on August 23rd, was the occasion of a splendid public reception by his fellow townsmen, the population turning out in thousands decked in their best, most of them wearing Temperance medals and ribbons, and escorted by numerous bands. Father Mathew was greeted with hearty acclamations as he arrived in the town; then entering the mayor's carriage he was led home in procession, and an address of welcome was presented, to which he made an earnest and affectionate reply.

In the beginning of July, 1843, Father Mathew commenced his memorable campaign in England. He landed at Liverpool and opened his mission there. Visiting all the Catholic Churches and schools, he preached, lectured and administered the pledge. He held open air and public meetings which were attended not only by Catholics but also by a number of Protestants. Frequently he was invited to speak in the factories and induce the hands to take the pledge. From Liverpool he went to Manchester and Salford, where the same work lay before him; and scarcely a day passed without several hours being spent at public meetings, speaking incessantly and administering the pledge.

After visiting the chief towns of Lancashire he went to Yorkshire, and was received with the greatest enthusiasm in York, Leeds, Wakefield and other places. At Wakefield a member of the Society of Friends had recourse to an ingenious device in order to secure the honour of having Father Mathew in his house. The good Quaker invited Father Mathew to stay with him, but the Father invariably declined such invitations, preferring to put up at an hotel, so that he might be more at liberty in his movements and in the reception of those who wished to see him. A reply to this effect was sent to the would-be host, who then wrote insinuating that

* *Scottish Temperance Review*, Sept. 1848.

his house was an hotel; Father Mathew thereupon agreed to stay there during his visit to Wakefield. On Father Mathew's arrival there was indeed a board, with "Hotel" in large characters upon it, on the front of the house, and Father Mathew was without the least restraint in going in or out and in receiving whom he pleased and when he pleased; but the so-called hotel differed very materially from other houses of this class, and it was only at the close of his stay that his kindly host acquainted him with the ruse by which he had been enticed into accepting the proffered hospitality.

Father Mathew was much gratified by his visit to Yorkshire. Not only was he most warmly received by persons of all creeds and classes, but the great army of teetotallers was increased by the addition of nearly 200,000 recruits.

From Yorkshire he came to London, and on Monday, July 31st, he addressed his first audience in the metropolis. The place chosen for the first meetings was a large open space in the Commercial Road East, the site of the present Church of SS. Mary and Michael. Father Mathew, accompanied by several of the Catholic clergy, arrived on the ground about 10 o'clock in the morning and found several thousand persons awaiting him. After his own speech, in which he explained the object of his mission and the advantages of the pledge, the meeting was addressed by the local clergy and also by Lord Stanhope, a warm admirer of Father Mathew's, who stated that he had been a teetotaller for several years and invited all present to take the pledge from Father Mathew. About 50,000 persons were present during the day, 3,000 taking the pledge. Father Mathew remained on the ground till dusk. The following day was a repetition of this; about the same number of persons attended but a larger number took the pledge. Father Mathew's speech on this occasion was remarkable: we reproduce a portion of it. After Earl Stanhope had referred to the absurd statement circulated that Father Mathew was making money by the move-

ment, and had completely vindicated the Apostle from the charge, Father Mathew said :

> The people of Yorkshire, where he had administered the pledge to over 100,000 persons, wished to pay him for his services, and presents were offered to him from persons of wealth and high-standing in society, but he would not accept one single farthing. He had expended £300 of his own money since he had been in England, but he did not regret it; and if he had been disposed to favour himself and his family he would not have been a temperance advocate and converted millions of his own countrymen from intemperance to sobriety. A brother he dearly loved was the proprietor of a large distillery in Ireland, the bare walls of which cost £30,000, and he was compelled to close it and was almost ruined by the temperance movement in the country, and the pledge which the people had taken to abstain from intoxicating drinks and to leave off drinking whisky which had caused so much disorder in his native land. The husband of his only sister was a distiller, and became a bankrupt from the same cause. He was sorry to speak of these things, but when he was accused of being instigated to do what he had done in order to enrich himself, he felt compelled to deny the charge. It had also been intimated that he was making a large profit by the sale of medals—he had never profited a shilling and never would.

The mission at Commercial Road continued for a week, Father Mathew arriving early each day and remaining till the evening. At one of the meetings a curious batch was formed : a Spanish priest (" Catholic like myself," as Father Mathew said), an Englishman and his wife both belonging to the Church of England, a Scotch piper, a Presbyterian, and two police constables, Irishmen. The piper had his bagpipes with him and struck up a merry tune immediately after taking the pledge. This batch had been preceded by others containing clergymen of the Church of England and University men, while another later on was honoured by the presence of a German bishop.

On the following Monday Father Mathew went in procession from Hart's Temperance Hotel, Aldersgate Street, where he was staying during his visit to London —accompanied by several non-Catholic Temperance bodies and by an enormous crowd which completely stopped the traffic along the route—to Kennington

Common. Here he opened a week's mission to the south of London. It was computed that 100,000 persons were present throughout the day, and 5,000 persons took the pledge.

The above are fair samples of Father Mathew's work in London. He also held missions in the City, at Westminster, Chelsea, Paddington, Millbank, St. Giles's, Bermondsey, Hackney, Blackheath, Enfield, and other places. On the whole, Father Mathew was not satisfied with his visit to London. Speaking at Hall's Riding School, Regent's Park, he said that he was sorry to find that in this vast metropolis so much apathy existed in taking the pledge, and that the beautiful addresses delivered to the people, instead of inducing them to do so, only appeared to harden their hearts— in Manchester it was not so. Nevertheless, the pledge was taken not only by the poor, and by several thousands of childen, chiefly Catholics, but also by many persons of high position; and at the last meeting held September 5th, in a court near Orchard Street, Portman Square, the result of the mission in London was stated to be 68,000 pledges taken publicly, and 6,000 taken privately in schools and factories.

The formula of the pledge was as follows: "I promise with the Divine assistance to abstain from all intoxicating drinks and to prevent as much as possible, by advice and example, intemperance in others." Father Mathew usually administered it by getting the people to come forward in batches, or parties of from ten to thirty kneeling before the platform; he would then recite the formula in a loud voice—often saying it also in Irish when many of his countrymen were present—the batches repeating the words after him; then going down from the platform he would lay his hands on the head of each person in the batch, making the sign of the cross over him and invoking a blessing that he might be faithful to the pledge.

Father Mathew and his day's work are thus described in the *Times* of August 3rd, 1843: "During the whole day Father Mathew neither tasted food nor drank any-

thing, and he was hard at work talking and administering the pledge the whole of the time. His speeches were temperate and imbued with kindly feeling, and he took great pains to convince his hearers that he did not wish to advance the interest of any particular party either in religion* or politics, and declared that the Protestants of Ireland had received him with the same cordiality as the members of his own church. Father Mathew has won golden opinions from all men by his affability and simple manner, and he is an example in his own person that cheerfulness and good humour can be reconciled with total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks."

Though on the whole Father Mathew was received everywhere with the greatest respect, and the proceedings were generally free from interruptions, yet on a few occasions a determined opposition was offered by persons interested in the liquor traffic. At Bermondsey, for instance, the platform was taken possession of by a crowd of sixty or seventy roughs who had been plied with drink and sent by the brewers in order to upset the meeting, and it was only after a strong body of police had been sent for and the ringleaders removed in custody, that quiet was restored. At the last meeting, also, two huge draymen, carrying a large barrel of beer on a pole, were sent into the court where the meeting was being held in order to create a disturbance. In this they succeeded, and in a short while, remonstance proving futile, a fight ensued; the big draymen dealt fearful havoc with their fists, but eventually the superior numbers of the water-drinkers were too much for them, the

* Father Mathew was every inch a priest, and would never say or do anything in the least derogatory to his sacerdotal character. On the platform, before the most Protestant audiences, he proclaimed himself a priest and a friar, and he always appeared in the ordinary costume, with black coat, white cravat and jack boots, of the Irish priest of his time. On all his missions he preached on Sundays, and frequently on other days, in aid of the local Catholic churches and charities. But he was no controversialist, and he treated the temperance movement as a question distinct in itself from all others; by so doing he was able to obtain a favourable hearing from all parties.

brewers' men were ejected, the barrel was staved, and the beer spilt.

From London he went to Norwich, where he was warmly supported by the Protestant bishop, Dr. Stanley, who not only passed a splendid eulogium upon Father Mathew at the great meeting in St. Andrew's Hall, but also earnestly exhorted the thousands present to take the pledge. Thence he went to Birmingham where he was publicly entertained by the mayor, and then to Liverpool again, and after a short stay there he returned to Ireland.

It is computed that during his three months' mission in England he administered 600,000 pledges.

The Famine.—Mission in America.

The years 1846 and 1847 are well remembered in Ireland as the years of the famine. Here we can only give a brief sketch of Father Mathew's labours in behalf of the poor during that truly awful period. The Apostle of Temperance was one of the first to warn the Government of the approaching calamity. No man knew the country so well as he; no one was so thoroughly acquainted with the condition of each district, its prospects, its resources and its probable requirements as he. The Government were well aware of this, and readily availed themselves of the information that he was able to afford them. He was in constant correspondence with Mr. Trevelyan, the Secretary to the Treasury, Mr. Redington, the Under-secretary for Ireland, and other officials, communicating to them the results of the observations, made during his incessant journeys through the country, and urging them to prompt and energetic measures for relief. Many of his suggestions were embodied in the system which was adopted.

In Cork itself Father Mathew set up three huge boilers for providing soup for the distressed, and also organized societies for collecting and distributing food supplies. He undertook, at much inconvenience, the personal supervision of these stores in the southern

division of the town, and for a considerable time expended £600 a month in relief, part of the money coming from his own private resources, part from contributions which he collected from his friends and followers. William Rathbone, a wealthy merchant of Liverpool, sent large sums, at various times, to Father Mathew to be distributed as he considered best; the Government spent £1,500,000 in relief, and very large sums were collected from private sources in England; America, through the good priest's influence, sent some ship-loads of maize and other food. But the distress, owing to "the hunger," poverty, disease, and death, was on such a gigantic scale that even these splendid efforts of charity were quite unable to cope with it, and what with starvation and emigration, Ireland lost during those two years not less than 2,000,000 of inhabitants. The famine inflicted a terrible blow to the temperance cause; for during the time of distress many who had hitherto kept the pledge strictly, lost heart and spent what little they had in drink to drive away the thought of impending misery. Here and there, too, riots occurred, and the people breaking into the public houses got maddened with drink and committed many excesses. Father Mathew, however, had the consolation of being able to show that these riots occurred in districts where the temperance movement had not been taken up, while where the cause had been successful the people were quiet, orderly, and patient.

In April, 1849, Dr. Murphy, Bishop of Cork, died, and shortly after, the clergy proceeded to elect his successor. Father Mathew's name was placed first on the list to be sent to Rome, and as it was usual for the Holy See to confirm the choice of the clergy, Father Mathew's appointment as Bishop of Cork was taken for granted, and an address of congratulation was presented to him. But the Holy See—taking into consideration Father Mathew's pecuniary difficulties, of which more will be said presently—passed him over and appointed Dr. Delaney. The decision was a wise one, but it was a great disappointment to Father Mathew, who thought

that the temperance cause might be furthered were he in so high a position of authority; though he submitted without giving the slightest sign of annoyance.

In the same year, Father Mathew's services to Ireland were brought directly under the notice of the English Government, with the result that he was awarded a pension of £300 from the Civil List—an honour which met with universal approval.

During the spring of 1848 came the first signs of the breaking up of his constitution. The many years of excessive labour and of anxiety had told upon him, though hitherto he had not perceived it. One morning, on attempting to rise as usual, he fell to the ground. His secretary hearing the fall, rushed in, and sent for the doctor; and on his arrival Father Mathew announced calmly that he was paralyzed on one side. The grief in Cork was exceedingly great, and crowds remained outside his house waiting for information. He recovered, however, within a few weeks, to the great joy of his numberless friends, and set to work as busily as before.

During the time of the famine, America had, as has already been stated, contributed most generously to the relief of the Irish, and the captains of the vessels, conveying the food supplies, brought to Father Mathew pressing invitations to visit America. Father Mathew thought that it would be ungrateful of him to decline and promised that he would go as soon as he was at liberty. In 1849 he announced his intention of fulfilling his promise, and notwithstanding the strong opposition of his doctors and the earnest entreaties of his friends, he set sail for America in the early part of the summer of that year. He was accompanied by two secretaries, Messrs. O'Meara and Mahony. The voyage was a long one in those days, but Father Mathew found plenty of employment in instructing and attending to the large number of Irish emigrants in the vessel. As they neared New York, they were met by a steamer carrying a deputation sent out to conduct Father Mathew to Castle Garden. There he received a public welcome—on a larger scale, perhaps, than had hitherto been accorded

to any other stranger—and was entertained, in the evening, at a public dinner by the Common Council. He remained a fortnight at New York, his time being fully occupied in holding levées, which were so numerously attended that certain days had to be set apart for ladies and others for gentlemen—preaching and lecturing, and adminstering the pledge to a great number, especially to those of his own country.

We have not space to give more than a few lines to the mission in the United States. He visited New Orleans, Washington, Charlestown, Mobile, Boston, Little Rock, and a great number of other towns. On his arrival in Washington the Senate voted him a seat within the bar of the house—an honour which had previously been accorded to Lafayette alone—and the President of the Republic entertained him at a dinner at which fifty members were present. At the large naval dockyard of Pensacola, Father Mathew was received by the commodore and officers in full uniform, the large hall of the hospital was turned into a Catholic chapel for the occasion, and Father Mathew preached after Mass to a large congregation, amongst whom were the officers and officials again in full uniform. At St. Louis 9,000 persons took the pledge, at New Orleans 13,000.

But Father Mathew was not what he had been. The recent stroke had left him shattered and enfeebled, a mere wreck of his former self. At times indeed the excitement stimulated him and gave him strength to go through great exertions, and occasionally he preached and lectured with an earnestness and ability which surpassed his best efforts at home ; yet, as a rule, his power and animation were gone. Besides this, he was weighed down by the thought of his liabilities, and many of the letters from Ireland showed that he was getting more and more deeply involved with little prospect of payment of his debts. A short rest at the Sulphur Springs of Arkansas did not do much to restore him, but he set out again on his mission and continued work till November, 1851, when he embarked for Ireland.

The following passage from the *New York Herald*

gives a good summary of Father Mathew's work during the two years he was in America.

> On reviewing his exertions for the past two years and a half, we are forcibly struck with the vast amount of physical fatigue which he must have undergone in the discharge of his onerous duties. Over sixty years of age, enfeebled in health and shattered in constitution, he yet, with all the ardour of his former zeal, vigorously prosecuted his labour of love. He has visited, since his arrival in America, twenty-five States of the Union, he has administered the temperance pledge in over three hundred of our principal towns and cities, has added more than half a million of our population to the long muster-roll of his disciples, and in accomplishing this praiseworthy object, has travelled thirty-seven thousand miles, which, added to two voyages across the Atlantic, would make a total distance nearly equal to twice the circumnavigation of the globe. Though labouring under a disease which the slightest undue excitement may render fatal, never has he shrunk from his work of benevolence and love.

His Liabilities.—His Death.

In 1839, before Father Mathew had started on his first mission outside Cork, he had incurred, by his charities and by the printing expenses for the cause, a debt of £1,500. The debt kept steadily increasing, and Father Mathew was pressed to undertake the sale of temperance medals as means of paying it off. With much reluctance he consented, but the medals, instead, of lessening his burden, rendered it far more heavy. They were only a source of additonal expense, for Father Mathew, with his open-handed generosity, would not sell but *gave* the medals. At the meeting at Maynooth alone silver medals to the value of £200 were given away, and up to the year 1844 he had distributed gratuitously medals costing him £1,500. All this while the tale was circulated that he was amassing a large fortune. At last the truth became known that he was in debt to the amount of £7,000, and in 1844, a subscription list was opened and sufficient funds were obtained to set Father Mathew entirely free from his embarrassments. But not long after came the famine, and by his extraordinary charity during these two years,

together with the subsequent expenses in the temperance cause, Father Mathew again became deeply involved. One day after his return from America he was arrested at the suit of a medal merchant. The bailiff, approaching the Father as he was giving the pledge, knelt before him and asked his blessing and then said, quietly: "Father, I now arrest you for the debt to Mr.——." Father Mathew kept his self-possession and took no notice of the arrest at the moment, and his calmness saved the bailiff from ill-usage. A compromise was effected with his creditors, and Father Mathew was again free.

On the 1st February, 1852, he had a stroke of apoplexy, but he recovered rather rapidly; and was soon at work again. Not for long; a few months of labour brought on an increase of his malady, and he at last yielded to the advice of his friends, and in October, 1854, he went to Madeira, remaining there till the summer of the following year. But all was in vain. On his return to Ireland he had to take up his abode at Lehenagh, the residence of his brother, totally unfit for work, and getting more and more feeble each day. He knew that the end was not far off, and his time at Lehenagh was spent in preparation for death. For some months before his death he was unable to say Mass—a great privation for so saintly a priest—and he endeavoured to make up for it by spending hours in silent prayer.

Even in the summer he felt the cold at Lehenagh, and in the autumn of 1856 he resolved, much to the distress of his friends, to go to Queenstown. The ostensible reason was that Queenstown might be warmer, but it was believed that Father Mathew chiefly desired to save his brother and his family from the trouble of attending to him.

Here he spent the last months of his life. The last stroke came one morning as he was dressing. He was raised from the floor where he had fallen and placed in bed, and his friends as well as the priest and doctor were summoned. For several days he lay, unable to speak, but

free from pain; conscious and desirous of doing good to the last. All that wished to see him were admitted, and as some took the pledge at his bedside, the dying priest with difficulty placed his hand on their head and signed the cross on their forehead.

The end came as it were in sleep, and on the 8th December, 1856, Theobald Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance, the zealous missioner, the benefactor of his country, passed to his reward. In accordance with his own desire he was buried under the Cross in "Father Mathew's Cemetery," 50,000 persons attending the funeral.

On the 10th October, 1864, a handsome bronze statue of Father Mathew, executed by Foley, and erected at the foot of Patrick Bridge, was unveiled by Mr. J. Francis Maguire, M.P., in the presence of one hundred thousand people. But the brewer and the distiller, whose power the Apostle of Temperance had crushed for a time, were not long in regaining their former position; and not many years passed from the day on which the crowds had stood weeping around the cross in Father Mathew's cemetery, before three corners of the square, in which the Apostle's statue was erected, were occupied by public houses. What had become of the five million pledged abstainers in Ireland and the six hundred thousand in England? When the Temperance movement was revived, some twenty years after Father Mathew's death, how many of the large army of his followers, or of their children, came to the front as examples of total abstinence? We fear there were very few. Let us hope that the centenary of Father Mathew, which will soon come upon us, will strengthen our gratitude for the labours and the efforts of this great man and zealous priest: and that the efforts now being made to promote sobriety may revive the enthusiasm for the cause to which he was so devoted, and may extend the spiritual and temporal blessings which follow in the train of Temperance.

[Our portrait is from one by J. Noyues, taken in 1842.]

How to help the Sick and Dying.

"*Then shall the King say to them that shall be on His Right Hand: Come, ye blessed of My Father, possess you the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For . . . . I was sick and you visited Me. . . . Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it to one of My least brethren, you did it to Me.*"—St. Matt. xxv. 34-40.

Many, encouraged by these words, would gladly serve and console our Lord in His suffering members, *if they knew how;* but a feeling of helplessness holds them back, and thus numberless opportunities of doing good are neglected. Yet to help the sick and dying is a work of charity which may be required of any one of us, for which therefore we should all prepare ourselves. Let us do so without delay. No great skill or experience is necessary: the more simple the assistance the better—a little patience, a little charity and tact, and God's grace will do the rest.

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I. How to help the Sick.

To those who attend the Sick.

1. Keep the room clean and tidy. Open the window sometimes to let in fresh air, but not so as to do any harm to the sick person.

2. Take care to avoid as much as possible the danger of catching the same sickness. For example, if it is a fever avoid breathing the breath of the sick person.

3. When you have to wash the sick, make their bed, or change their linen, do it with great modesty.

4. Attend carefully to whatever the doctor has said about food, medicine, &c.

5. Be kind and gentle in all you do for the sick and be very patient, for sick people are often irritable and hard to please.

6. Do not be talkative or talk in too loud a voice so as to disturb the sick person. And do not talk about vain, foolish worldly things, especially to those who are dying.

7. When you say prayers or read good books to them, do so in a quiet, gentle voice, and slowly. Notice what they like, what seems to comfort and encourage them—a favourite prayer or aspiration said two or three times at intervals is often more helpful than much variety. Take care not to tire them by too many prayers or too much reading at a time. Among the acts suggested to them, contrition, patience, faith, hope and charity should be the chief. See that the sick say short morning and night prayers, and, if necessary, say them with them. At night a few minutes should be given to examination of conscience.

8. When the sickness is long, see that the parish priest is told of it, that he may hear the Confession of the sick and give them Holy Communion from time to time.

Morning Prayers for the Sick.

Make the sign of the Cross as soon as you awake and say:—

My God, I offer Thee this day
All I may think or do or say;
Uniting it with what was done
On earth by Jesus Christ Thy Son.

Make up your mind to try and keep from anything displeasing to God.

✠ In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

Our Father. Hail Mary. I believe. Glory be.

O my God, I believe in Thee, because Thou art Truth itself.

O my God, I hope in Thee, because of Thy promises to me.

O my God, I love Thee, because Thou art so good: teach me to love Thee daily more and more.

O my God, I offer Thee all my thoughts, words, actions and sufferings; and I beseech Thee to give me Thy grace that I may not offend Thee this day, but faithfully serve Thee and do Thy holy Will in all things.

I desire to gain all the Indulgences that I can.

Holy Mary, be a mother to me.

All ye Angels and Saints of God, pray for me.

May our Lord ✠ bless us, and keep us from all evil, and bring us to life everlasting.

✠ May the souls of the faithful, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

Night Prayers for the Sick.

✠ In the Name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

Our Father. Hail Mary. I believe. Glory be.

My God, I give Thee thanks for all the benefits which I have ever received from Thee, and particularly this day. Give me light to see what sins I have committed this day, and give me grace to be truly sorry for them.

[*Here wait a little, and try to remember the faults you have committed during the day.*]

O my God, I am very sorry that I have offended Thee: I love Thee with all my heart, because Thou art so good, and I will not sin again.

O my God, I accept of death as a homage and adoration which I owe to Thy Divine Majesty, in union with the death of my dear Redeemer, and as the only means of coming to Thee, my beginning and last end.

Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit: Lord Jesus, receive my soul.

May the Blessed Virgin Mary, St. Joseph, and all the Saints, pray for us to our Lord, that we may be preserved this night from sin and all evils.

O my good Angel, whom God has appointed to be my Guardian, watch over me during this night.

All ye Angels and Saints of God, pray for me.

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I give you my heart and my soul;

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, assist me in my last agony;

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, may I die in peace in your blessed company.

May our Lord ✠ bless us, and keep us from all evil, and bring us to life everlasting.

✠ May the souls of the faithful, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

Acts that may be suggested to the Sick.

I. Contrition.

Contrition does not consist in tears or any other expression of sorrow. We must *be* sorry for our sins, but we need not necessarily *feel* sorry. It is good to be sorry because we have lost heaven and deserved hell, but the best motive is the love of God, who is infinitely good in Himself and worthy of all love. This is perfect contrition. Before our Lord came on earth, before there were any Sacraments, perfect contrition was the only means by which sinners could obtain forgiveness of their actual sins. It is as efficacious now as then. By it mortal sins are forgiven *immediately*, though a person is strictly bound to confess them if he is able. It is of the utmost importance that Catholics should remember what an act of perfect contrition can do for them, if after falling into mortal sin they are delayed or hindered by circumstances from going to confession. And they should bear it in mind for the benefit of others also, so that in cases of sudden and grave accident, before a priest can be had, or when no priest is at hand, they may at once suggest it by short acts to the sufferer: "My God, I am sorry for all my sins, because Thou art so good." Suggest such acts even to those who are not Catholics at whose death-bed you may be present, and suggest them often to the sick. The habit of frequently making acts of perfect contrition is a very blessed one, and makes us very dear to God and very safe. And it is not a difficult habit to acquire, for contrition is as easy as it is sweet.

Acts of Contrition.

To think that I have offended Him after being so many times forgiven! To think that I have offended Him whom after all *I do love!* My God, I am sorry for all my sins: give me a tender, loving, and hearty contrition for them, because they have offended Thee who art so good; and a firm purpose not to offend Thee any more.

Father, I am not worthy to be called Thy child: I have left Thee, I have lost Thee through my own fault: I repent with my whole heart: spare me for the sake of Jesus Christ, my Saviour. Look upon the Face of Thy Christ—look upon the Blood of Thy Christ—look upon the Heart of Thy Christ—and forgive me for His sake.

O sins which have deprived me of my God, I hate you from the bottom of my heart.

Dear Jesus, who didst come to seek and to save that which was lost, have mercy on me.

Good Shepherd, who didst lay down Thy life for Thy sheep, have pity on me. I have gone astray like a sheep that is lost; seek Thy servant, O Lord.

Jesus, my Lord, behold at length the time,
When I resolve to turn away from crime;
O pardon me, Jesus, Thy mercy I implore?
I will never more offend Thee,—no never more.

Since my poor soul Thy Precious Blood hath cost,
Suffer me not for ever to be lost.
O pardon, &c.

Keeling in tears, behold me at Thy feet;
Like Magdalen, forgiveness I entreat.
O pardon, &c.

I will arise and go to my Father, and say to Him: Father, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee, I am not now worthy to be called Thy son.

O God, merciful and patient, who willest not the death of a sinner,—who, when we repent, rememberest our sins no more,—have mercy on me and spare me.

Jesus, wounded for our iniquities, and bruised for our sins; I grieve for my sins, which have so grieved Thy Sacred Heart.

Have mercy on me and heal my soul, for I have sinned against Thee.

Give me, my God, the contrite and humble heart which Thou wilt never despise.

O that I had the tears of Peter and Magdalen!

Wash me yet more from my iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

O Mary, obtain for me true sorrow for my sins, forgiveness for them, and the grace of final perseverance.

Have mercy on me, O God, according to Thy great mercy: heal my soul for I have sinned against Thee.

O God, be merciful to me a sinner: Thou who hast made me, have mercy on me.

O Lord, I have sinned exceedingly in my life: what shall I do, whither shall I fly, but to Thee, my God.

What can I do for my sins but humbly confess them and lament them: hear me, I beseech Thee, O my God. All my sins displease me now exceedingly: I will never commit them any more: I am sorry for them, and will be sorry for them as long as I live. I am willing to make satisfaction for them to the utmost of my power. Forgive, O my God, forgive me my sins, for Thy holy Name's sake. Save my soul,

which Thou hast redeemed with Thy Precious Blood. Behold, I commit myself to Thy mercy: I resign myself into Thy hands. Deal with me according to Thy goodness, not according to my wickedness and iniquity.

Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me.

My God, what harm hast Thou done me that I should have so greatly offended Thee? O that I had never sinned against Thee! I am sorry for my sins because Thou art so good, and with Thy help I will not sin again. O let neither life nor death nor any creature separate me from Thee any more.

God of mercy and compassion,
Look with pity upon me;
Father! let me call Thee Father!
'Tis Thy child returns to Thee.
Jesus, Lord, I ask for mercy,
Let me not implore in vain;
All my sins, I now detest them,
Never will I sin again.

By my sins I have deservèd
Death and endless misery,
Hell with all its pains and torments,
And for all eternity.
Jesus, Lord, &c.

By my sins I have abandoned
Right and claim to Heaven above;
Where the Saints rejoice for ever,
In a boundless sea of love.
Jesus, Lord, &c.

See our Saviour, bleeding, dying,
On the Cross of Calvary;
To that Cross my sins have nailed Him
Yet He bleeds and dies for me.
Jesus, Lord, &c.

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II. Patience and Resignation.

What will happen to me to-day, O my God, I know not: all that I know is that nothing will happen but what from all eternity Thy Love has arranged for my good. This is enough for me, my God. I adore Thy holy and blessed Will, and resign myself to it with all my heart for the love of Thee. I desire all Thou shalt send me: I accept all—I make to Thee a sacrifice of all, and unite my sacrifice with that of Jesus Christ my Saviour. I ask of Thee in His Name, and through His infinite merits, patience in my pains, the perfect submission which I owe Thee in all Thou shalt permit to happen to me, and the crown promised to those who persevere to the end. Amen.

Patience, my soul, just for to-day: God will provide for to-morrow. Yesterday has passed away, and the pain of its sufferings no longer remains: the merit will have remained if I offered my sufferings to God. To-day, then, I will try to suffer with merit: after all, to-day is but one day, and one day is not much. My God, what can I do less than offer Thee the pains and weariness of one day: those of this day shall be borne bravely for love of Thee.

When the Cross first presents itself to us, how hard it looks!—how hard it looks! But bear it bravely, and how bright it will appear when we look back upon it—how bright when we come to the crown!

May the most just, the most high, the most lovable Will of God be in all things done, and praised, and for ever magnified!

My God, I am justly punished by Thee, for I have greatly offended Thee: punish me in this life and not in the next.

My heart is ready, O God, my heart is ready.

Sweet Will of God, I bless Thee: dear Will of God, I love Thee.

As it hath pleased the Lord, so is it done: blessed be the Name of the Lord.

It is the Lord: let Him do what is good in His sight.

O Lord, Thou knowest what is best: do with me as Thou knowest and as best pleaseth Thee. I am in Thy hands, ready to obey Thee in all things: do with me in all things according to Thy Will.

What matter is it how much or what I suffer so I come at length to the haven of salvation? Grant me a good end, grant me a happy passage out of this world; be ever mindful of me, O my God, and direct me by the straight road to Thy Kingdom.

Keep me only from all sin, and I will fear neither death nor hell.

Dear Jesus, accept my sufferings which I desire to unite with Thine: sanctify all I suffer, so that every pain I feel may bring me nearer to Thee.

Lord, I offer and consecrate to Thy glory all that I have ever suffered, all that I now suffer, and all that I shall have to suffer until death. Perfect my pains with Thy love, and grant, O sweet Jesus, that they may be as pleasing to Thee as they are painful to me. I will suffer willingly because Thou wilt have it so, Thou whom I love with my whole heart.

The chalice that my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it? Yea, Father, for so it hath seemed good in Thy sight.

Thy Will be done—Thy Will be done.

Lord, I accept this sickness from Thy hands, and entirely resign myself to Thy blessed Will,

whether for life or for death: not my will but Thine be done—Thy Will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

As Thou knowest and willest, Lord.

Jesus, meek and humble of heart, make my heart like unto Thine.

Passion of Christ, strengthen me.

O Jesu mine, for love of Thee
I love what Thy Will giveth me
Whate'er it be:

O Jesu mine, for love of Thee
I love what Thy Will giveth me
Whene'er it be:

O Jesu mine, for love of Thee
I love what Thy Will giveth me
How much it be:

O Jesu mine, for love of Thee
I love what Thy Will giveth me
How long it be.

Blessed be God: Blessed be His Holy Name: Blessed be the Will of God in all things.

Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?

O Lord God, O Holy Father, be Thou now and for ever blessed: for as Thou wilt so it has happened, and what Thou dost is always good. To Thee I commit myself and all that is mine: it is better to be chastised here than hereafter.

Give me fortitude that I may stand my ground, patience that I may endure, and constancy that I may persevere.

Grant, me, my God, always to will and desire that which is most acceptable to Thee, and which pleaseth Thee best. Let Thy Will be mine, and

let my will always follow Thine, and agree perfectly with it. Let me always will or not will the same with Thee.

O God, may Thy Will be done and be blessed a thousand thousand times.

Father, not my will, but Thine be done.

Teach me to do Thy Will, for Thou art my God.

I worship thee, sweet Will of God,
And all thy ways adore;
And every day I live, I wish
To love thee more and more.

With all my heart I desire whatever God desires. It is all well: blessed be God.

Sickness and sorrow have come to weigh me down: blessed be God in all.

Lord, Thy care over me is greater than all the care I can take of myself. I cast all my care then upon Thee: I cast myself into Thy arms—do with me whatever it shall please Thee, for it cannot but be good whatever Thou shalt do by me. Cast me not off for ever, nor blot me out of the book of life: and what tribulation soever befals me shall not hurt me.

Lord Jesus, make me faithful to Thee unto death, that Thou mayst give me the crown of life.

Let us rejoice: we shall one day be taken to the bosom of God.

III. Faith, Hope, and Charity.

I believe in God the Father, who created me to His own image and likeness: and in Jesus Christ my Saviour, who redeemed me with His

own Blood: and in the Holy Spirit, who sanctified me in Baptism. Lord, increase my faith.

My God, I believe in Thee: my God, I hope in Thee: my God, I love Thee with my whole heart.

I believe in Thee because Thou art the very Truth: I believe in all Thy Church teaches, because Thou hast bid me hear it: and in this faith I resolve through Thy grace to live and die.

I believe, Lord: help Thou my unbelief.

I hope in Thee, my God, because Thou art so good, and through the sufferings and death of Jesus Christ my Redeemer, I hope for mercy, grace and salvation from Thee, because of Thy mercy, Thy promises, and Thy power. In Thee, O Lord, have I put my trust: I shall not be confounded for ever.

My God, Thou didst not abandon me when I fled from Thee, do not abandon me now that I seek Thee.

Heart of Jesus, Salvation of those who trust in Thee, have mercy on me. My Jesus, mercy.

My sweetest Jesus, be not Thou my Judge, but my Saviour.

Jesus, Jesus, be to me a Jesus, and save me.

O good Jesus, hear me;
Within Thy Wounds hide me;
Never let me be separated from Thee;
In the hour of my death call me,
And bid me come to Thee,
That with Thy Saints I may praise Thee
For all eternity. Amen.

My God, I love Thee with my whole heart and soul: at least I desire so to love Thee.

I love Thee, who hast loved me from eternity,

and hast created me out of love that I may be happy with Thee for ever.

I love Thee, who hast forgiven me so often, and washed me from my sins in Thy Precious Blood.

I love Thee, who hast been so good and kind to me, and given me all that I have and am.

I love Thee, who art so good in Thyself, and so worthy of all my love.

O God, my God, whom shall I love if I love not Thee?

I love Thee—I love Thee: help me to love Thee more.

Give me only Thy love and Thy grace, and I shall be rich enough.

Let me love Thee with all my heart and soul and mind and strength—grant that I may love Thee for ever.

I love my neighbour as myself for Thy sake: I forgive all who have injured me, and ask pardon of all I have injured.

My God, who art Infinite Goodness, I love Thee above all things—I love Thee with my whole heart.

I wish for Heaven, that there I may love Thee with all my strength, and for all eternity.

My God, cast me not into hell as I deserve—there I could not love Thee: let me love Thee and then do with me as Thou wilt.

O my God, make me all Thine before I die.

When shall I be able to say—My God, I can never lose Thee again.

IV. Preparation for Death.

To live for God and then to die: that done, all is done.

If I will take care of my life for God, He will take care of my death for me.

My soul, let us so live, that in Heaven we may rejoice to have lived so.

Let my death colour my life; let me live like one who has to die.

May my soul die the death of the just, and my last end be like unto theirs.

My God, I accept of death as a homage and adoration which I owe to Thy Divine Majesty, in union with the death of my dear Redeemer, and as the only means of coming to Thee, my beginning and last end.

I commend my soul to God my Creator, who made me out of nothing: to Jesus Christ my Saviour, who redeemed me with His Precious Blood: to the Holy Spirit, who sanctified me in Baptism.

Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.

My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end.

I desire to die, my God, in order to see Thee.

My crucified Saviour, who to obtain a good death for me didst suffer a most painful death; remember me in my last hour—remember that I am one of Thy sheep, whom Thou hast purchased with Thine own Blood.

Lord, on the Cross Thine Arms were stretched
To draw Thy people nigh:
O grant us then that Cross to love,
And in those Arms to die.

O Shepherd of my soul, who alone canst guide and comfort me in that hour, when I walk through the dark valley of the shadow of death —when no one of this earth shall stand by me—when no friend shall be able to profit me: be with me then—suffer me not to lose Thee for ever—cast me not off from Thee. O beloved Jesus, since I embrace Thee now, receive me then—hide me in Thy holy Wounds—wash me in Thy Precious Blood.

Jesus, Jesus, trusting myself to the love of Thy Sacred Heart, I give up my soul into Thy hands; receive it unto the bosom of Thy mercy. Say to me in the hour of my death as Thou didst say to the good thief—"This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise."

My Jesus, Thou art about to judge me, spare and pardon before Thou judgest.

O Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, receive me into the number of Thy chosen.

Blood of Christ, wash me: Passion of Christ, strengthen me: Heart of Jesus, sorrowful even unto death, have mercy on me.

Jesus, dear Jesus, never let me be separated from Thee.

Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners —*now* for present graces, *and at the hour of our death* for final perseverance: pray for *me* in the hour of *my* death. Amen.

O most compassionate Mother, show thyself my Mother in the hour of my death—be with me in that last moment of my life on which eternity hangs. As thou didst invite thy Son to thine own blessed departure, so I invite thee now to mine, beseeching thee not to be absent from me then, but to be there and succour me with a mother's tenderness, for without thee I cannot die in peace. Cheer me with thy holy

presence, protect me from my enemies, speak for me to thy Son, and obtain for me forgiveness of all my sins, a happy death and life everlasting with Him and with thee. Amen.

Leave me not, my Mother, until thou seest me safe in heaven.

Holy Mary, Mother of grace, Mother of clemency ; defend me from the enemy, receive me in the hour of my death.

Refuge of sinners, pray for me.

St. Joseph, Patron of a happy death, pray for me.

O holy Angel, my Guardian, stand by me and help me.

My holy Patron Saints (*name them*), pray for me.

All ye holy Angels and Saints of God, pray for me.

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I give you my heart and my soul :

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, assist me in my last agony :

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, may I die in peace in your blessed company.

II. How to help the Dying.

To those who attend the Dying.

1. In cases of serious accident, or in a sudden and dangerous attack of illness, lose no time in sending for the priest. In other cases he should be sent for as soon as the sickness becomes grave.

2. Tell the sick person gently that his state, though not desperate, is dangerous, and that he would therefore do well to settle the state of his soul without delay—that this will be much better done now than later, when pain, weakness, or the nature of the remedies may render him unfit for so great a work. It is a great mistake to think that the Last Sacraments will make him worse: on the contrary, they will bring him peace, strengthen him against his spiritual enemies, and enable him to bear his sufferings with patience and merit for eternity What is to be feared is *any delay*, by which he might die without them. If he wishes to put off his Confession till he is better, or shrinks from it because he has been a long time away from his duties, and fears the labour of preparation, tell him that the priest will help him, and if necessary go through the examination of conscience with him. If he still objects, the priest should be told of his state, that he may warn him of the danger there is in delay.

3. If he has a will to make, or any necessary provision, spiritual or temporal, for his family—any debts or other obligations to discharge, engage him to do this also without delay, that having settled his temporal concerns, he may give his whole attention to the affairs of his soul. If he wishes to leave anything for the benefit of his soul, as a certain sum for Masses, or any other good work, this should also be provided for in good time.

4. Do not flatter the sick person with hopes of life when there are little or no grounds for hope; rather encourage him to make the best use of the time that remains to him, by receiving the Holy Sacraments with fervent dispositions, and accepting his sickness from the Hands of God with perfect resignation to the Divine Will, in union with the sufferings of his dying Saviour and in satisfaction for his sins. Many, through a mistaken affection, are cruel to the dying, and keep from them what it is all important for them to know,—or at least fear to speak to them of those things which would prepare them to meet their God. Do not imitate these. Affection at the deathbed must be unselfish—*the first thought of all should be the soul that is soon to appear before God.* How beautiful is the charity of those who help their loved ones to die well, instead of adding to their difficulties and distress by their own unrestrained sorrow!

5. Attend most carefully to the recommendations for the sick room mentioned above. Take out of the room such things as profane pictures, dresses, and anything likely to disturb or tempt the dying person. Place near him, where he may easily see them, a crucifix or picture of Jesus crucified and of His Blessed Mother, that he may be reminded to commend himself frequently to Jesus and Mary. Holy water should also be near, so that he may easily reach it.

6. Visitors who might disturb or distract the dying person should not be allowed in the room. Keep away therefore all bad, idle and talkative people, any who have been the occasion of sin to him, any who have done him a great injury, any who would talk to him of vain and worldly things, or disturb him by their grief, or make him grieve too much.

7. Bad people should not be left to take care of the dying, above all should not be left *alone* with them. There are instances of bad persons who, being left alone with the dying, ruined the soul instead of saving it. If a woman is dying, and someone has to sit up with her, it should be a woman.

8. Whilst helping the dying, do not forget to say your own prayers. Some people forget their prayers,

and so lose the blessing of God on what they do for the dying.

9. The devil is very busy in the room of the dying. He tries to ruin them by fearful temptations, and often makes them see terrible things which frighten them very much. Often therefore suggest to them acts of contrition, confidence, patience and the love of God. As temptations to despair are among the most frequent with which the dying are assailed, it is seldom advisable to speak to them of the Divine Justice, of the pains of hell, or of the grievousness of their sins. Encourage them rather to put all their trust in the mercy of God, in the Passion of Christ, and in the prayers of the Blessed Virgin and the saints. Remind them also that a remedy against all temptations is to make often the sign of the Cross, and to invoke the holy names of Jesus and Mary. The dying should be sprinkled with holy water, especially during their agony, and when they show signs of fear and trouble.

The Last Sacraments.

It is an immense blessing to receive the Last Sacraments. They are given to us by God in His goodness to comfort and strengthen us in our Last Agony, and they help us wonderfully to die a happy death. Try therefore to rouse in the dying person a great desire to receive them, and to prepare carefully for them.

I. Penance.

This Sacrament will remit all his sins, restore to him the friendship of God, and open Heaven to him again. His preparation need not be long. Having asked God's grace to know his sins and to be truly sorry for them, let him try to bring to his memory at least the principal sins since his last Confession. If it is a long time since he was at Confession, it may help him in his examination of conscience to remember the places where he has been, the persons with whom he has lived or worked, the work on which he has been employed. Then let him

excite in his heart a true sorrow for his sins and a resolution never to commit them again by saying with all his heart:—

My God I am sorry for my sins, because by them I have lost heaven and deserved hell; because they have crucified my Saviour Jesus Christ; and most of all because they have offended Thee, who art infinitely good and worthy of all love. I am sorry for them: I wish I had never sinned: with Thy help I will not sin again.

After his Confession, remind the sick person to say his penance, and if necessary say it with him.

II. The Holy Viaticum.

When Holy Communion is given to the sick in danger of death, it is called the Holy Viaticum, or food for a journey. A dying person has a long and dangerous journey to take. He has to go from this world to the next, and to pass through many enemies. Our Blessed Lord knows how weak he is, and comes Himself to strengthen him, to protect him from all dangers, and take him safely to Heaven.

Help him to thank so loving and faithful a Friend, who, when all go away will not leave him, but remain with him faithful to the end.

Before Receiving Holy Viaticum.

My God and my Saviour, Thou art coming to visit me: I thank Thee with all my heart. I believe, O Jesus, that Thou art present in the Most Holy Sacrament: I adore Thee, I love Thee, and I desire Thee: come into my poor heart, and never leave me—come, Lord Jesus, come!

Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof; but only say the word, and my soul shall be healed. Come, dear Jesus, into my poor heart: Thou alone canst comfort and help me now: come to strengthen me and comfort me and save me.

O most sweet and loving Lord, I desire to receive Thee with the greatest love and thankfulness: but I am very weak. Pity me and help me—give Thyself to me, and it is enough. Jesus, Jesus, come to me.

1. Before the priest comes to give the Holy Viaticum, the room should be put in order, and everything made neat. Have a table ready with a white cloth on it, two candles, a crucifix, holy water, and a glass or cup of clean water. Lay a small white cloth for Holy Communion upon the breast and under the chin of the sick person.

2. When the priest comes into the room with the Blessed Sacrament, all present should kneel down. There should be no talking. If it is necessary to speak, do so in few words and in a low voice.

3. After Holy Communion has been given, leave the sick person quiet for a little while to say his prayers, or you may help him to make his thanksgiving, if he cannot do it himself.

After Receiving Holy Viaticum.

Jesus, sweet Jesus, dear Jesus! I believe, O my Saviour, that I have received Thy most holy Body and Blood: I believe that Thou art really present in my heart, I adore Thee—I love Thee—I thank Thee with all my heart, my God and my All. How good, how kind Thou art to me, sweet Jesus: stay with me and never leave me any more; take me to be happy with Thee for ever. Thou hast given Thyself to me: I give myself to Thee for life and death. I love Thee,

I love Thee with all my heart. Thou knowest, Lord, that I love Thee. Body of Christ, save me; Passion of Christ, strengthen me; O good Jesus, hear me; within Thy Wounds hide me; never let me be separated from Thee; in the hour of my death, call me; and bid me come to Thee; that with Thy Saints I may praise Thee; for all eternity. Amen.

4. Say some of these prayers, not too many; the sick, and still more the dying, cannot bear much at a time. Say them slowly, pausing a little from time to time. Stop as soon as you see the sick person is tired.

5. The dying can receive Holy Communion as Viaticum without fasting, and they can go on doing so as long as the danger lasts.

6. The sick should be warned not to spit for ten minutes after receiving. If there is danger of their vomiting, the priest should be told of it.

III. Extreme Unction.

1. Extreme Unction, or the Last Anointing, is the special Sacrament of the dying. Our Lord instituted it to give us the grace we need in our last sickness, and the dispositions necessary for a happy death. It strengthened the first Christians as it strengthens us. St. James, writing to them says: "Is any man sick among you? Let him bring in the priests of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord. And the prayer of faith shall save the sick man, and the Lord shall raise him up, and if he be in sins they shall be forgiven him."

2. The priest anoints with the holy oil the eyes, ears, nostrils, lips, hands and feet, praying that God by that holy anointing, and through His most tender mercy, would forgive the sins committed through each of the senses.

3. Extreme Unction comforts and strengthens the soul in her last agony; forgives venial sins; takes away

the evil dispositions left in the soul by sin; and lessens the temporal punishment which we should have to suffer in Purgatory. It makes us patient in the pains of our last sickness. It gives strength against the terrible temptations that assail us at the hour of death. It takes away the fear of death, and makes us willing to die if such be God's will. Extreme Unction, being a sacrament of the living, should be received in a state of grace; but if the sick person is unable to go to Confession, it will take away mortal sins if he is sorry for his sins.

4. This Sacrament can only be received once in the same danger. Its reception should not be put off till the last extremity, or there will be danger of the sick dying without it, and thus being deprived of the special graces which would make them better prepared for death and more fit to meet their Judge. By putting off they may also lose the blessing of recovery, which God grants by means of this Sacrament when He sees it to be expedient.

Some ill-instructed Catholics have a secret fear of the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, as if death were sure to follow on its reception. This is a great mistake. Its healing power is so often and so wonderfully shown, that many look to it hopefully as the means of saving the life of those they love, and far from deferring it, are eager to secure it in good time.

5. Out of respect for the Sacrament, the eyelids, ears, nose, lips, hands and feet, which are to be anointed, should, if possible, be washed beforehand.

6. The sick person should try to prepare himself well for receiving this great Sacrament. That he may gain its full benefit, let him turn away his mind entirely from the things of this world to think only of God and the salvation of his soul. Let him renew his sorrow for all the sins of his life, trust himself completely to the mercy of God, and resign himself wholly to the Will of God, whether for life or for death.

7. A few fervent aspirations will help him in his preparation, and enable him to unite himself with the beautiful prayers used by the Church in the administration of this Sacrament.

Before Extreme Unction.

My God, I believe that Extreme Unction is a Sacrament, which gives grace to die a happy death. May I receive all the graces of this Sacrament. Give me a true sorrow for all my sins. I grieve for them from the bottom of my heart, because they have offended Thee—who art so good, and with Thy help, I will not sin again. Through this holy Unction, and through Thy most tender mercy, pardon me whatever sins I have committed, by my sight and hearing, by smell and taste and speech, and by my hands and feet. Through this holy Sacrament, make me strong against the pains and temptations of death. Amen.

After Extreme Unction.

My God, I have received the Sacrament of Extreme Unction; may it take away all sin from my soul. May it save me from the punishment due to my sins. I am willing to die that I may gain Thee. Give me grace to persevere to the end. O good Jesus, hear me; within Thy wounds hide me; never let me be separated from Thee; in the hour of my death, call me; and bid me come to Thee; that with thy Saints I may praise Thee; for all eternity. Amen.

The Last Blessing.

The Church grants to her Priests the power of giving the Apostolic Blessing with a Plenary Indulgence to her children who are near their end. Though a considerable time may elapse between the granting of this Indulgence and the moment of death, it will produce its effect at

this last moment, if the dying person is in a state of grace.

To receive the benefit of this Blessing and Plenary Indulgence, he should renew his sorrow for the sins of his whole life, and his resolution never more to offend God by sin; make an act of faith in all that the Church believes and teaches; unite himself to God by fervent acts of hope and charity; and resign himself entirely to His Most Holy Will.

My God, I once more renounce and detest all the sins of my whole life. I am sorry for them all, because Thou art so good: I will never commit them any more. I believe in Thee, my God: I believe all Thy Church believes and teaches because Thou hast bid me hear it. I hope in Thee, my God: I love Thee, my God, with all my heart; and for Thy sake I love my neighbour as myself, and I forgive all who have injured me. I love Thy most holy Will: I am willing to die, because it is Thy Will. Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit, Lord Jesus receive my soul.

The Last Agony.

Our Holy Mother the Church has now poured out all her treasures upon her dying child. Let him guard them carefully, and in patience and peace await his last hour and the reward promised to those who persevere to the end.

The few days or hours he has yet to live are very precious, for in them he may lay up great treasures of merit for eternity. Encourage him to lose nothing by impatience, and quickly to efface by contrition any sin or fault he may commit. Should he fall into grievous sin, let him ask for the priest without delay.

Let him pray as well as he is able. Remind him often of the suffering of his dying Saviour, which will

sustain his patience, and comfort him in all his pains. Let no long time pass without suggesting to him some short aspiration: though apparently unconscious, he may be able to hear and understand. He will unite with you, and your words will strengthen and encourage him. O how his Guardian Angel will bless you for helping him with that good thought, with that little prayer, at a moment when of himself he could not have made the effort to direct his thoughts to God!

Place the crucifix in his hands, and now and then give it him to kiss, with some short, tender words of love:

Jesus, sweet Jesus, dear Jesus! My Jesus, mercy. Jesus, I am Thine; save me. Dear Jesus, I kiss Thy Feet; hide me in Thy Wounds.

Guide his hand to make the sign of the Cross, and often repeat the holy names of Jesus and Mary.

When the agony begins, kneel down reverently, and recite with those present the Recommendation for a Departing Soul, part of the Rosary, the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, or any other suitable prayers,—such as,

We beseech Thee, help Thy servant, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy Precious Blood.

Mary, Mother of Grace, Mother of Mercy, defend us from the enemy, and receive us at the hour of our death.

Refuge of sinners, pray for him.

Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now, and at the hour of our death.

Jesus, mercy! Mary, help!

During the agony, often sprinkle the bed and the dying person with holy water, especially when he shows signs of fear and trouble. The acts suggested now should be chiefly love and contrition, the simpler the better,—and they should be short. When he is near his last moment, repeat them without pausing, and in a louder voice:—

My God, I love Thee, I love Thee.
I am sorry for all my sins.
Lord Jesus, receive my soul.
My Jesus, mercy!
Holy Mary, pray for me; St. Joseph, pray for me;
St. Michael, pray for me; my good Angel, pray for me.
My dear Patrons *(name them)* pray for me.
Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I give you my heart and my soul:
Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, assist me in my last agony:
Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, may I die in peace in your blessed company.
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus.

After Death.

As soon as the soul has departed this life, say the Psalm "Out of the depths," for its eternal repose:

Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord: Lord, hear my voice.
Let Thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplication.
If Thou, O Lord, wilt mark iniquities; Lord, who shall abide it?
For with Thee there is merciful forgiveness; and by reason of Thy law I have waited for Thee, O Lord.
My soul hath relied on his word; my soul hath hoped in the Lord.
From the morning watch even until night; let Israel hope in the Lord.
Because with the Lord there is mercy; and with Him is plenteous redemption.
And He shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities.
Eternal rest give to them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them.

Let us pray.

O God, the Creator and Redeemer of all the faithful, grant to the souls of Thy servants departed the remission of all their sins, that through pious supplications they may obtain that pardon which they have always desired; who livest and reignest, world without end. Amen.

May they rest in peace. Amen.

The soul has gone into eternity, but prayers can reach it and help it still. How then can those who loved it in life forsake it now in its extreme need, and leave it to suffer unpitied in the fearful fires of Purgatory! Do not forget it because its voice can no longer reach your bodily ears. Go down in spirit to the gates of Purgatory and hear its cry: "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends—you who watched by me, and cared for me to the last, and promised never to forget me—do not forsake me now." Can you turn a deaf ear to this piteous prayer? Now is the time to prove your love, not by feasting in the house of death; not by squandering money in costly flowers and outward show of grief when the body is committed to the grave; but by thinking of *the poor soul*, which, unless you come to its help, must suffer so long and so terribly. Send it help continually; you can do it so easily. Many of the short prayers in this little book are indulgenced by the Church. As often as you say them they will find their way to Purgatory, and show the soul you love that you have not forgotten it. They will comfort it, they will ease it in its pains, and hasten the time when it will be freed from them, and go to enjoy God for ever. There, before His Throne, it will remember you, its benefactor, for the Blessed are most grateful. It will pray for you and help you amid the dangers and trials of this life, and will come to your assistance when you too shall have passed the gates of death, and stand in need of the charity you have shown to others. "Blessed are the merciful," says our Divine Lord, "for they shall obtain mercy."

Remember that to have a Mass said for those you love is the greatest proof of affection you can give them.

One Mass will help them more than all you could do for them by prayer and good works. A dying child said to her sorrowing parents:—"When I am gone give me no flowers, but Masses, Masses."

Let your charity be persevering also. Many souls have to remain long in pain and weary waiting, because those they loved grew tired of praying, and after a few days or weeks forgot them.

And whilst you pray for the soul that is gone, think also of those who have the same journey to make before very long—*To-day for me, to-morrow for thee*, is the lesson every death-bed should teach us. Listen to our Lord's solemn words—"*Watch—Be ready.*" He does not say "*Be getting ready*," but "*Be ready.*" And ask yourself—*Am I ready? Shall I be ready? What must I do to be always ready?*

Grant we beseech Thee, O Lord, that whilst we lament the departure of this Thy servant we may always remember that we are most certainly to follow him; give us grace to prepare for that last hour by a good life, that we may not be surprised by a sudden and unprovided death, but be ever watching, that when Thou shalt call, we may go forth to meet the Bridegroom and enter with Him into glory everlasting, through Christ our Lord. Amen.

HOW WE MAY HELP NON-CATHOLICS.

Should you ever be with dying Protestants, and have no hope of their reconciliation with the Church, do not speak to them of it, especially if this would irritate them. But say slowly and get them to join you in the following acts:—

My God, I believe in Thee, and in all that Thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, came on earth to teach. I believe that there is One God: I believe that in God there are Three Persons—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost: I believe that God the Son was made man, and died to save us: I believe that God will punish the wicked for ever in hell, and make the good happy for ever in Heaven. My God, I believe all Thou wouldst have me believe.

My God, I am sorry, with all my heart for all the sins of my whole life, because they have offended Thee who art infinitely good, and worthy of all love. Help me never to offend Thee again.

My God, if it be Thy blessed Will that I should suffer pain, help me to bear it patiently, because Jesus suffered for me. I resign myself to Thy Will in all things: I am ready to believe and do and suffer whatever Thou wilt. Thy Will be done—Thy Will be done.

Father Damien:

THE APOSTLE OF THE LEPERS.

(1840-1889.)

Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friend.—St. John xv. 13.

Introduction. Early Life and Entrance into Religion (1840–1859).

THE sacrifice of life, which Jesus Christ declares to be the test of the most perfect human love, has been willingly offered over and over again by those who from mere human motives have laid down their lives for country or for friends. The brave man fears not death in a good cause; and though it is the greatest proof that he can give of his devotion, yet we need not look to the supernatural to furnish a sufficient incentive for it.

But there are forms of death from which human heroism has ever shrunk; there is a living death, lingering, painful, ghastly, repulsive, which is too great a demand on mere earthly enthusiasm. To accept a leper's death requires some higher motive. Still more impossible is it for human nature, apart from supernatural charity, to undertake a life of exile, discomfort, obscurity, among lepers, and none but lepers, and with the moral certainty that the foul disease which is eating away the lives of all around will, before many years have passed, reduce him who dwells among them to the same loathsome condition, and that in the end he will perish like them, a rotting mass of corruption even before his death. Such a life of death, such an end of

misery, is reserved for the heroes of the Catholic Church. One of these has recently passed away, and we propose to record a few details of his career

Joseph (Damien) de Veuster was born on January 3, 1840, at Tremeloo, in Belgium, a village situated six miles north of Louvain, and lying between the towns of Malines and Aerschot. His parents were of the middle class, and good and earnest Catholics. They early instilled into their children those principles of piety and love of God which were to show themselves so markedly in their after careers. Of their three sons, two afterwards became priests, the eldest, Père Pamphile, to whose kindness we owe many of the details of this biography, and Joseph, whom we know and love under the name of Father Damien.

When still a baby in the cradle, and while his parents were as yet undecided as to the name by which their little son should be called, a circumstance happened which influenced their final selection. In the midst of their uncertainty, a soldier cousin of the family, a man of most upright and pious character, chanced to visit them. In the course of conversation he was requested by the family to stand godfather for the newly-born child. "Certainly," said the good soldier, "with all my heart, nothing could please me more; but still only on one condition, that you call him Joseph, after my patron saint." The condition was gladly consented to, and Joseph accordingly was his name. His mother, a woman remarkable for her earnest and simple piety, had great influence over her little son, and by her motherly precepts tutored his youthful mind to love the ways of God, and all that is high and noble. Her name was ever loved and venerated by her worthy son, whose noble work she lived to witness, and almost to see completed, as she died about two years before him, at the age of eighty-three. His father, however, a man of strong religious principles, and of that earnest and solid character for which the Belgian Catholic is so well known, had not the same happiness, for he went to his well-earned rest shortly after Father Damien's arrival in 1873 at the leper settlements of Molokai.

As the little Joseph grew older, he gave early signs of

the love he had for purity, simplicity, and for all that savoured of religion. Unlike his companions, the ordinary rough games of boyhood did not engross his attention and claim his affections. Instead of joining other boys at their play, he loved to roam about in the fields which encircled his country home. The neighbouring shepherds knew him well, and it was little Joseph's delight to follow the sheep with them to the pastures. He would play whole hours together with the lambs in innocent glee. So well was this known by his companions, and by his family, that he was familiarly called by them on this account "the little shepherd"—*le petit berger*. He also, even at the early age of four years, gave signs of that wonderful earnest love of prayer, and of the service of God, which ran through his whole life afterwards. His brother, who was two years his senior, and is now a priest, living near the old home of their childhood, well remembers how, on the occasion of a kermesse, or fair, being held in the neighbouring village at Whitsuntide, his little brother was missed from home even from early morning. As he did not return home the family grew naturally anxious for their little Joseph. No one knew where he was to be found, until at last his old grandfather, who well knew the ways of his "dear little shepherd," thought that the church of the village where the fair was going on was the likeliest place to find the wanderer. Accordingly he set off in search of him, and there he found the child in the evening, all alone, praying under the pulpit with an air of simple piety and edifying recollection.

As the years of childhood ripened into those of boyhood, and then into the bright days of early youth, Joseph de Veuster was always known and respected by his companions. Whatever he did—and he was always very enterprising, and ready to contribute to the happiness of others—he threw his whole heart into it. Besides being of a frank and brave disposition, he was also endowed with great vigour of mind and of body, and a capacity for putting his hand to anything that the urgency of the case required. Yet though of such a noble character, still so far the idea of becoming a priest had not as yet dawned upon him; nor did any of his family think of it for him. He had

been sent to the "Cours Moyen" at Braine-le-Comte, where he received a commercial education suitable for the business man he was intended to be. While he was in his eighteenth year, and still at this school, the Redemptorist Fathers gave a mission at which Joseph attended. It was at this time that the first call to a higher life came to him. "One night," says his cousin, a school-fellow of the same age, "Joseph came home from the mission evidently struck by something that had been said, for instead of retiring to rest he stayed up the entire night praying earnestly to God." Here evidently was the call for which Almighty God had prepared his soul from the early age of infancy, by endowing it with an ardent love of Him for Himself, and a generosity in His service which had only to know the first inclination of the will of God, to be ready thoroughly and entirely to put it into execution. It was doubtless this idea that had pervaded the youth's fervent prayer during that whole night of meditation and reflection. From that moment his whole soul longed to put his resolution to serve God in the religious state into immediate execution. Noble spirit! It was this that pervaded his life.

Up to the moment of that heaven-sent mission, Joseph had been leading the life of a good Catholic boy. He had probably his faults, like others of his age, and so far from having any aspiration for the dignity of the priesthood, he was, as we have seen, being educated for a business career. But now that he received his call, all ideas of the latter course were entirely banished from his mind, and the only thought that possessed him was the manner in which this sacrifice could best be made. The earnestness and thoroughness of his soul suggested at once the Order of the Trappists, as that which would best suit his generous disposition. But providentially before he took any step towards carrying out this first impulse, Almighty God, who disposes all things sweetly to His own ends, prompted the young man to take the advice of his elder brother, his senior, as we have seen, by two years. This brother who is now known as Père Pamphile, was then already an ecclesiastical student of the religious Congregation which was approved by the Holy See in 1817, entitled the Society

of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, better known as "Picpus Fathers"—so called from the name of the house in the Faubourg St. Antoine in Paris, where they had their first establishment.

The result of the conversation between the two brothers was that Joseph gave up the idea of becoming a Trappist in favour of joining his brother in the "Picpus" Congregation. But as yet Joseph had not disclosed his wish in its entirety to either of his parents. On his nineteenth birthday, in the year 1859, his father happened to take him to pay a visit to Pamphile, and as he had some business that required his attention in a neighbouring town, he left Joseph to dine with his brother. Here was the opportunity for the step which he had been long desiring to take, and accordingly, when his father came back in the evening, he told him that he wished to return home no more, and that it would be better thus to miss the pain of farewell. His father, who was not altogether prepared for this, consented at first with some unwillingness; but as the conveyance that was to take him home was on the point of departure, he was prevented from making any further demur, and they parted at the station. The two brothers returned to the house, and Joseph (who took the name of Damien in religion) presented himself for admission to the Congregation of which his brother was already a member. The frank, ingenuous youth pleased the Superiors. His strong, manly character could not but be admired, and the look of intelligence that was so marked on his countenance at once decided them to admit their new postulant. But owing to the exclusively business education which he had received, Joseph was completely ignorant even of the most elementary knowledge of Latin, and thus he was unfitted to join those who were intended for the sacred ministry and for the present at least he was only received for the humble position of a lay-brother.

Joseph's joy was none the less great. To him the service of God was all in all. His sole thought in offering himself to the "Picpus Fathers" was to complete the resolution he had formed during his long night of prayer. Ever since that moment he had been yearning for something higher and more perfect, and his desire had increased

day by day till it reached the climax by his offering himself to the Congregation towards which he felt his vocation lay.

Priesthood and Early Labours (1859—1873).

THUS settled in his vocation, Brother Damien set himself at once with ardour to perform the duties of his state. His natural earnestness of character enabled him to overcome the first trials of religious life, and the great interest he took in his work made him a subject of joy to his Superiors. While exercised in the discharge of his duties and for other reasons, he had many occasions of conferring with his elder brother, who was engaged in his studies for the priesthood.

Noticing the extraordinary ability his brother possessed, and the wonderful knack he had of picking up all kinds of useful knowledge, Pamphile began to teach him a few disjointed sentences and words in Latin, which the youth eagerly treasured up in his memory.

Pamphile had only begun in joke, but wishing perhaps to encourage him in the pursuit of useful knowledge, he continued his quasi-lessons, so that in a very short time Damien was master of a good many sentences, besides the knowledge of some of the elementary rules of syntax. His success was so wonderful that Pamphile now began to help him in earnest, probably with a view towards assisting his brother by this means to become a priest some day or other, if God should so will it.

Joseph, or Brother Damien, as he must now be called, threw his whole heart into his new study; and incredible as it may appear, within six months he was so far acquainted and familiar with the Latin language that he was able to translate at sight any part of Cornelius Nepos quite fluently. By this time his Superiors had got to know of his great faculty for study, and consequently they advanced him to the rank of those who are engaged in their studies preparatory to the priesthood.

The hand of God was evident in this change of state: for had it not been through this incident, which we have

just related, Molokai would never have seen its future apostle, and the Church would have lost a bright jewel in her diadem. But a circumstance which shows still more clearly the interposition of Divine Providence, and which contributed still more towards the finding of that vocation in which Père Damien's name is so closely bound up, has yet to be narrated.

In 1863, when Brother Damien was as yet in minor orders, his brother Pamphile, now a theological student, received orders from his superiors to prepare for an early departure for the South Sea Islands. These islands, lying in the midst of the Pacific Ocean, one of the principal groups of which is known by the name of the Sandwich Islands, had been assigned in 1825 by Pope Leo XII. to the Fathers of the "Picpus Congregation,' for the carrying out of one of the fundamental objects of their Institute, viz., the preaching of the Gospel to the heathen.

Pamphile had long been desirous of being sent to this mission, and he received the news with great joy. But alas! just as he had made all the necessary preparations for the voyage, and had secured his berth in the outward-bound vessel, the hand of God fell upon him and he was laid low by an attack of typhus fever. To his bitter disappointment, he was thus forbidden to go. His brother, however, as though struck by a sudden inspiration, went to the sick man's bedside; and enquiring whether it would be a consolation to him if he should go in his place, he resolved, on receiving an eager answer in the affirmative, to make an instant application for the appointment.

Accordingly, in his impetuosity, without taking the advice of the Superiors of the house in which he was then residing, and without showing his letter to them, he wrote at once to the Superior-General in Paris, asking him for his brother's place, and begging him "not to throw the passage-money away." Much therefore to the surprise and astonishment of his immediate superiors, Damien received a mandate for departure.

When the welcome communication was made to him, he was so overcome with joy that he danced about like one deranged, so that his fellow-students doubted whether he had not lost his senses. Having communicated his happy

future to his brother, he set about making his preparations, which had now necessarily to be hastened.

How like is this evident manifestation of the will of God, which secured for Molokai an apostle in Father Damien, to that which sent St. Francis Xavier to those wonderful successes in India and Japan! In both cases it was merely by accident, if we may say so, that these noble workers of Christ's vineyard found their vocation opened to them. Had it not been through the sudden illness which prevented Father Rodriguez from going to India, and Père Pamphile to the Sandwich Islands, we should in all probability never have had these two wonders of charity to edify the Church.

Before starting on his journey, Brother Damien paid a hurried visit to his parents at Tremeloo, to bid them "good-bye," and then made his last visit to Our Lady of Montaigu. To those familiar with the life of St. John Berchmans, Montaigu will be rich in holy memories. This holy shrine, situated some few miles from the place of Joseph's birth, is the chief sanctuary of Belgium, and has long been the centre of a constant pilgrimage for all nations. He returned the same day to Louvain, and set out for Paris on his way to the port of embarkation. Here he had his photograph taken. A copy of this photograph, now in his brother's possession, gives us an insight into his character, as he was at the age of twenty-three. In the photograph you have, looking you straight in the face, a strong manly countenance, plain, and of a very Flemish cast, every lineament of which speaks of a solid character. Clasped close to his breast he holds a large crucifix with an earnestness that speaks out his whole soul

Having now made all the necessary preparations, Brother Damien in the autumn of 1863 left Bremerhaven in a German sailing vessel. Writing afterwards to his brother Pamphile, he describes his voyage as "an awful one." When doubling Cape Horn, the violence of the storm became so great that the vessel was in imminent danger of being lost. For several days they were beaten about at the mercy of the fierce winds and currents that are so well known for their violence, and for the many disasters that they have caused round this promontory. Other vessels seemed to have suffered, for he saw quantities of wreckage

floating by. To ensure the safety of the vessel, Damien began a novena to the Blessed Virgin, ending on the Feast of her Purification, February 2, 1864. Hardly had he concluded this novena than the storm began to abate, and they made their way, without any more danger, out of the dreaded straits. But he was not to reach the scene of his labours till he had experienced another storm lasting for twenty-four hours, which took place in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. Writing afterwards to his brother, he playfully calls in question the appropriateness of its title, thinking that a less pacific name would better suit it. At last to his delight he reached Honolulu, the capital of the Sandwhich Islands, on the feast of his patron, St. Joseph, March 19, 1864.

The Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands, a group of eight inhabited and four uninhabited islands lying, as has been said, in the North Pacific Ocean, at a distance of nearly 2,000 miles from the nearest point of mainland, were discovered in 1778 by the English sailor, Captain Cook, who was unfortunately slain by the natives on his return in the following year. The principal is Hawaii, which sometimes gives its name to the whole group, though their discoverer called them "the Sandwich Islands." A mutilated form of Christianity had been introduced, mainly through American Protestant missionaries, early in this century; and in 1825 Pope Leo XII. gave the charge of bringing in the true religion to the "Picpus Fathers," as has been already mentioned. These good Fathers had been thirty-eight years at work in this mission when their new helper arrived. Before he could actually assist in evangelizing the natives, it was necessary that he should be ordained priest, for hitherto he had only received minor orders, having been interrupted in the course of his studies to join the South Sea Mission. The new priest was soon set to work in the laborious and fatiguing toil that invariably falls to the lot of the Catholic missionary.

In his letters to his brother at this period, he says, "Truly I ought to be proud of my district, for it is as large as the whole diocese of Malines." The labour that this large parish put on his shoulders was very great, and consequently he found it necessary to do most of his missionary work on

horseback. At first he had not this large district to manage, which contained seven churches with their corresponding districts, but a much smaller and easier one adjoining it. But seeing that the Father who was in charge of it was weaker than himself, and less able to cope with so immense a task, he generously offered to exchange his lighter burden for his heavy and laborious one.

To give some idea of the fatigue that fell to his share, we will relate the following instance. One day he arrived on horseback at the foot of a high and steep mountain, behind which he remembered that there was a Christian settlement not yet visited by him. Determining to visit it now, he tethered his horse and began the ascent, climbing up on his hands and feet, owing to the steep nature of the path. The summit reached, he found himself on one side of a precipitous ravine, which lay yawning at his feet. No human habitation could he see, but in the distance a second mountain as high as the first one met his undaunted gaze. Without hesitation he commenced the descent, and courageously began to make his way up to the second hill in the same manner as the former. But what was his disappointment when he had gained the summit! Still there was no sign of a church or village to encourage him. Below him he saw a large piece of flat country, and then beyond that still another hill. Any ordinary man would have turned back in despair, but one with a spirit like his, whose only aim was the saving of souls, could not be so easily daunted. So with a prayer of resignation and patience be persevered in his journey over the third mountain and then another ravine, till he had to stop through sheer fatigue. His hands were now torn and lacerated, and the blood flowed freely; his feet, too, were wounded, for the boots that should have protected them were cut, and rendered almost useless by the hard treatment they had received. As he looked upon his blood-stained hands and feet he gained new courage, and calling to mind the sufferings of our Lord, he said, "Courage! the good God also has shed His Blood for those souls yonder!" He started again on his labour of love, and when at last, travel-worn and exhausted, he reached his destination, he was well repaid for his sufferings by the joy of the Christians,

who welcomed for the first time their new-found apostle. They told him they had long been deprived of the consolations of religion, and pointed out to him the tomb of their late pastor, Father Eustace.

Another instance of the wonderful energy of the missioner will do much towards giving a good idea of the character of Father Damien, and shows the inborn genius he had for organization, which he displayed so well afterwards at Molokai. While still at Hawaii he wrote to his brother as follows: "Our Christians here cannot all have Sunday Mass, so do you know what we do? When we find a young man that shows any aptitude, we give him a special training. He is taught the Epistles and Gospels of the Sunday, and then he is commissioned to preside in the capacity of prayer-leader, over some Christian settlement, to which the priest cannot come. They sing hymns and have public prayers, and then my young 'lector' addresses them in burning words. This plan has an evident blessing from God."

While engaged in the work that fell to his lot, he had ample opportunity for noticing the ravages that leprosy, the bane of the islands, was making amidst their inhabitants. His heart had often been touched at the sad sights he saw around him, and he longed to be able to do something to alleviate the sufferings of the victims of its cruel rage.

It is more than half a century ago since leprosy was introduced into the islands. How it got there remains still a mystery. Various theories have been held respecting it, but it is generally thought that it was brought over from Asia by some ill-fated foreigner. Once planted among the unfortunate islanders, its seeds were scattered far and wide, and in a very short time leprosy had gained great ground. The peculiar character of the Hawaiians helped greatly in the spreading of the pestilence. Sociable to the utmost degree, all they have is yours; you have but to enter their house, even as a stranger, and you are henceforth their bosom friend. They live in the closest intimacy, and their hospitality is generous to a fault. At the first approach of leprosy much might have been done to prevent its contagion, but the natives, having no fear of its slow growth, continued still to take no precautions. The affectionate sociability

led them to eat from the same dish, sleep on the same mat, and even smoke from the same pipe. They did not take the most ordinary precautions, and sick and sound alike would share their clothes one with another. What wonder then that the pestilence got such a hold upon them! In 1865 the Hawaiian government thought it high time to take some step towards isolating the infected; so, though rather late, an Act was passed, which made the north coast of Molokai the future home of all those tainted with the disease.

The law once passed, the difficulty now was to put it into execution. The lepers were scattered over the islands, and their friends clung to them with a tenacity that was truly painful to behold. They hid them in their homes and even in the depths of the wood, and thus the law was not speedily put in force. But nevertheless, many were taken to the leper island.

With the advent of a new King in 1873, the Government showed new zeal, and every means was taken to separate the infected persons from the community. No exemption was made, even for the persons of the highest rank, and the Queen's own cousin was conveyed to the leper island. The law was rigorous, and in spite of all remonstrance, and in spite of sympathetic tears, it was determined to root every trace of leprosy from the other islands and transfer it all to Molokai.

Such was the state of affairs that came under Father Damien's personal observation, and his heart burnt with pity for the poor banished lepers. The constant pitiable scenes of misery that he witnessed at the harbour of Honolulu, where the wailings and tears of the emigrant lepers was a daily occurrence, so moved him that he resolved he would take the first opportunity that presented itself of lightening their sad fate.

In the course of the year 1873, the long desired occasion offered itself. At a meeting that was held to celebrate the dedication of a chapel just completed by a Father Leonor at Wailuku in the Island of Maui, Father Damien chanced to be present, together with the Bishop of Honolulu and others of his clergy. Among them were present some young priests of the Congregation, who had just arrived at Honolulu to supply the increasing needs of the mission. During

the conversation Mgr. Maigret expressed deep regret that owing to the scarcity of his missioners he was unable to do anything for the poor lepers of Molokai, and especially did he regret that he was unable to provide them with a fixed pastor. Already his lordship had from time to time sent one of the missionaries to confess and administer the sacraments to the dying; but this only happened rarely, and there was no guarantee of its being continued. Hearing the Bishop's lament, Father Damien took in the situation at a glance, and eagerly offered himself to supply the long felt necessity. "Monseigneur," said he, "here are your new missioners; one of them could take my district, and if you will be kind enough to allow it, I will go to Molokai and labour for the poor lepers, whose wretched state of bodily and spiritual misfortune has often made my heart bleed within me." This generous offer was gladly accepted, and that very day, without even saying good-bye to his friends, he embarked with the Bishop on a vessel that was just leaving the harbour of Honolulu with a consignment of fifty lepers. On their arrival, after consoling them, the venerable Bishop addressed the assembled lepers in a simple and touching manner. "So far, my children," said he in a voice that shook with emotion, "you have been left alone and uncared for. But you shall be so no longer. Behold, I have brought you one who will be a father to you, and who loves you so much that for your welfare and for the sake of your immortal souls, he does not hesitate to become one of you, to live and die with you."

Such was the step which this brave hero of charity took, without a thought of himself and without the least motive of human considerations to prompt him. Such is the action which has astonished the wisdom of the world, and gained its admiration and applause.

The Bishop returned to Honolulu, and Father Damien was left behind, without a house, without a friend, and, owing to his hasty departure from Honolulu, without even a change of linen.

Once on the island, he resolved with the resolution of a man who, having made up his mind, will let no difficulty stand in his way, that come what might, now that he had attained the fondest desire of his heart, he would never

abandon his poor lepers, till the foul disease should strike him too with its sure but certain hand, and bear him away from them to his last and heavenly home.

Molokai: the Leper Island (1873—1886).

Now began for the holy missionary a new work for God, a new kind of existence. It was in the year 1873 that Molokai first saw its apostle, who was to shed so bright a ray of hope and comfort upon the scenes of misery to which it had long been a witness. Henceforth this spot was to be the only scene of his labours, until God pleased to call him to himself.

Of the twelve Hawaiian islands, Molokai is one of the smallest, being some thirty or forty miles by seven in extent. The island ascends from south to north in a gradual rise, which ends abruptly in a precipitous and all but vertical cliff extending the whole length of the island. At the foot of this cliff lies a low peninsula of some 6,000 acres, running out on the north side into the sea, and consequently cut off from all land communication with the rest of the island by the natural barrier. It is on this isolated peninsula, whose surface is covered with a grassy plain that the two leper villages of Kalawao and Kalaupapa are established; the former lying close under the shadow of the precipice, while the latter and larger is situated on the northern shore. To this spot the Hawaiian Government, in 1865, banished the lepers scattered through the kingdom, in order to prevent the further spreading of this terrible malady. Here they were doomed to live while life should last; here they were doomed to die. This feeling of complete despair naturally had the very worst effect on their moral state. With scarcely anything they could call a home, almost destitute of clothing and scarcely able to obtain the bare necessaries of life, all crushed down by the weight of their loathsome disease, they in many cases gave themselves up to all the depravity that can be found among those whom poverty has reduced to the lowest depths of

misery and squalor. In their wretched huts of grass they passed their days, drinking a vile alcohol of their own distilling, called "ki-root beer;" without decent employment, without government of any kind, and what was worse, without religion. Nor could we expect them to escape the consequences of such an existence as this. Every kind of vice and lawlessness was rampant in this land of disease and sin; and in this condition they lived, until the turn for each one came to die.

And this was the field of labour to which Father Damien had been called. This was the state of Molokai when he first began his work of regeneration, sixteen years ago. As soon as he set his foot upon the island he exclaimed: "This is your life's work, Joseph!" and without delay he set about it in right good earnest. He was now about thirty-three years old. A thick-set and strongly-built man he was physically most eminently fitted for his self-imposed labour. The buoyancy of youth was in his step and the flush of health in his cheek. Father Damien did not know what it was to be ill. But it was indeed high time for him to begin his work. Aggravated by the misery in which they lived, the leprosy was increasing in violence every day. As many as eight or twelve were dying every week; many from want of care and medical assistance, for at this time Molokai never saw the face of a doctor, and the only help they got from without was the utterly inadequate supply of clothing which was sent by the Hawaiian Government every year.

He commenced his wonderful work of charity by at once endeavouring to improve the condition of his unhappy flock and to alleviate in some measure their many and great miseries. He never thought of himself or his own convenience. All his sympathies were for those whom he had come to help. During the commencement of his apostolate his only roof was the shelter which the branch of a tree afforded him. He had no time to build himself a hut, for all was given to his suffering fellow-creatures; and even if he had had the time, he would have looked in vain for the material. And so, regardless of the wind and rain to which he was exposed, he slept in the open air, that is, when he slept at all. For the most part he was engaged in comfort-

ing and soothing and encouraging those whom want and misery had driven to the verge of desperation. To bring back these poor wandering souls to some sort of appreciation of the goodness of God and the beauty of religion, was indeed a hard, up-hill, weary task. Their sensibilites had been blunted by their sufferings, and their hearts much hardened. But nothing could resist the bright influence of the holy priest. His cheerful bearing brought comfort where misery was before, while his charity and goodness could not fail to awake a corresponding chord in the hearts of those who listened to his kind voice and saw his bright smile.

Sometime after the beginning of his labours he received a letter of congratulation from the white residents of Honolulu—for the most part Protestants—together with some goods, and, what was still more acceptable a purse containing £120. He was at length enabled to build himself a permanent residence, a small wooden house two stories high with a staircase leading to the upper verandah.

Difficulties, however, were not wanting to the good Father in his work of charity, and they came at times from unexpected quarters. After he had passed some weeks on the island and had alleviated the more pressing necessities of the poor lepers, he set out for Honolulu, the capital of the Sandwich Islands, as there was no priest nearer to whom he could go for confession. He naturally called on the President of the Board of Health, who seemed surprised, and received him with cold politeness. On the Father asking leave to return to Molokai, he curtly informed him he might return indeed, but in that case he must remain for good. The Father explained the necessity he was under of occasionally visiting his Bishop, and pleaded the privilege of physicians and priests. But the Board of Health, in their zeal for isolation, absolutely refused permission.

He returned to Molokai, and shortly afterwards received an official notice, informing him that if he attempted to leave, or even visit any other portion of the island, he would be put under immediate arrest. Father Damien cared little about his own convenience, but where God was concerned and the comfort of his beloved lepers, the aspect of things was changed. With characteristic firmness and frankness

he replied, "I shall come. You must not prevent me from visiting my Bishop." When it became necessary to see a neighbouring priest he did so, asking no leave of any man; nor could anything prevent him from attending to the wants of his people. Six months later he received a permit to come and go as he pleased, yet seldom, in sixteen years, did he care to use it. Nay, so much did their ideas change, that later on whenever he visited Hawaii he was invited to dine at the royal table and lodge in the palace. However, instead of using the grand bed which was prepared for him, he used to sleep on the floor in a rug—"to prevent infection," he said; but mortification had much more to do with it.

One of the first objects to which Father Damien turned his attention was the water supply. This had hitherto been exceedingly bad, and had greatly increased the sufferings of the poor people. To say nothing of the filth and dirt, which of itself had helped to make their existence more wretched, the scarcity was such as to leave them at times destitute of what was absolutely necessary. He forthwith set to work and prevailed upon the Government to second his efforts. In a short time water from a never-failing supply was brought down from a distance both in abundance and of excellent quality.

Having remedied this evil, he then set about the removing of another. The dwellings of the lepers had hitherto been of a most miserable description. They consisted of small huts, built on the ground; and such a word as house could never apply to them. The houses were bad in themselves, squalid and filthy; but this was rendered worse by the habits of those who lived in them. They had no separate abodes, but were all huddled together indiscriminately; and it was to these vile, fetid dens that Father Damien had, at the beginning of his work, borne his message of charity. It was here he calmed the closing hour of those whose end was drawing near, It was from places of this description that he oftentimes bore out in his own arms the corpses of those whose sufferings had been ended by death.

To remedy this was now his principal aim, and it was not long before he accomplished his purpose. The Father

seems to have had a knack of inspiring others with something of the fire of zeal and energy which burnt in his own bosom. Through his representations, a supply of material was shipped to the island and dealt out to the inhabitants by the Government, by means of which healthy wooden cottages, built on trestles to raise them above the ground, took the place of the former miserable hovels, with their grass-thatched roofs. This work, which was begun in 1874, is not yet fully completed: but we can obtain some idea of Father Damien's energy, when we learn that by 1886 no less than three hundred cottages, large and small, had been erected, and formed the two leper settlements of Kalawao and Kalaupapa. Nothing better could have been done to lessen the sufferings of these unfortunates, for it stayed the rapid progress of the disease, and as a natural result, reduced, in no small degree, the death-rate on the island.

Father Damien's next move regarded the supply of food. Athough the condition of the lepers in this respect had improved, it was nevertheless lamentable. The Government had started on a theory, that if they provided them with a few horses, heifers, carts, &c., the lepers would in a short time form a self-supporting colony, and strange though it may seem, it was some time before they discovered their error. Then came a tardy reformation in the way of a scanty supply of food and clothing, but it was not until Father Damien's arrival that any material improvement was visible. Through his intervention a regular supply was secured and soon after it was increased in quantity. In 1878, a committee visited the island to inquire into the commissariat, and through the Father's representations some slight improvements were made. Yet, in spite of this, when the Queen of the Islands and her daughter visited the place in 1884, there was still much to be done; and as late as 1886 we find Father Damien renewing, or perhaps we should say continuing, his efforts, in a letter of complaint to the "Board of Health," in which he states that not one-tenth of those outside the hospital had tasted milk for several years. Yet this is a strong proof how universally things had improved since the Father's advent, for we now hear him seeking, not for

necessaries, but for some comforts and luxuries for his poor lepers.

There was another thing of which the lepers were sadly in want on Father Damien's arrival. Clothing was miserably deficient. Some, it is true, were supplied by their friends, but the friends could not afford all that was needed. Father Damien could not work reform by magic, but after his arrival improvement in this respect soon began. He erected a store for the sale of clothing, and in place of a yearly grant of garments, six dollars a year were allowed to each leper. This was an improvement, but in 1886 we find the energetic Father declaring the allowance still too small and applying for assistance.

But the catalogue of the numerous external labours for the temporal comforts of the inmates of Molokai is not yet completed. It is true there was a hospital but the name was a mockery: it was a hospital without doctors, or sisters, or nurses. Father Damien was not satisfied till there was a resident doctor, a dispensary, and all necessaries for alleviating the disease which they could not cure, and above all, excellently arranged hospitals for the most extreme cases. Yet so well do the lepers remember the old mockery in Kalawao, that they dread the name of hospital. And no wonder! For in former days the same conveyance that bore the patient to the hospital, brought his coffin also.

And thus it was, by attending to the corporal necessities of those he had come to help, that Father Damien found his way to the hearts of the poor neglected lepers. For they on their side, naturally amiable, generous, and light-hearted, rendered the task an easier one than might have been expected. It would have been strange indeed, under these circumstances, if such disinterested and heroic charity had failed to have its full effect. The very fact that a man was found to come and live there, voluntarily, for their sakes, was itself sufficient to touch the heart of even the most reckless and abandoned.

Let us now consider Father Damien's labours in what was more directly their spiritual welfare. After attending to their corporal necessities as a preliminary step, he then threw himself heart and soul into the work of regeneration.

This was the object of the sacrifice—the salvation of their souls.

When he first arrived at the settlement there was only one place of worship, a Protestant church, served by a native minister, himself a leper. So as soon as he had relieved their more pressing corporal needs and could obtain sufficient money and materials, Father Damien set to work to build a church. He was himself at once surveyor, architect, clerk of the works, and head mason. In a short time, with the help of some of the more able-bodied of the lepers, he succeeded in erecting a tolerably commodius building, sufficient for the Catholics then on the island. But small as the settlement is, he was not satisfied until he had built a second at Kalaupapa, in order that all his flock, even the feeblest, might find a church within reach. Before very long, however, the numbers of the lepers so greatly increased, and the effect of the Father's work amongst them became so manifest in the ever increasing number of Catholics, as to render it necessary to make some other provision. Under these circumstances, with the aid of the lepers, he built another church, of which the first formed the transept. He afterwards painted it without and decorated it within in accordance with the Hawaiian taste, which is scarcely æsthetic, and here he gave most of his instructions. He also built an orphanage. It consists of two buildings, one for the boys, the other for the girls, and is situated close to Father Damien's own house. Forty orphan children were under his immediate direction. Here they are instructed in such useful arts and duties as they are able to perform, the girls devoting themselves to needlework and other similiar useful employments. Nor was anything left undone in regard to the instruction of the leper children in general, living with their parents in the settlement. At first his instructions were given in the open air, as chance might offer. But before long he managed to erect a school, and in 1880 another had to be built to accomodate the increasing number of pupils.

Another of the Father's good works was to provide for the decent interment of the dead. As the Government did not supply money to buy coffins, the price of which was two dollars a piece, those who died penniless were often buried

without them. In order to prevent this in future the Father formed a "coffin association" among the lepers, and also made a large well-inclosed cemetery, adjoining one of his churches. Before 1879, sixteen hundred lepers had been buried under his ministration, and he often had to act as undertaker and grave-digger as well as pastor. In a letter to his brother, Père Pamphile, he says, "I am grave-digger and carpenter. If time allows, I make the coffin, otherwise I bury them in their clothes."

The Father's day was spent in looking after the different institutions he had founded, and in all the other duties of his toilsome ministry. It began with a very early Mass, at which those of the lepers who were not too feeble assisted; and this was the Father's support for the day's hard work. Then followed the arduous duties of the day. Besides visiting his orphanage and schools, there were the sacraments to administer to endless sick, calls to be made, and the hospitals to visit. There were children to be baptized and marriages to be solemnized; for the lepers marry and give in marriage. It was indeed a strange sight to see the bridal pair united in the midst of festivity and rejoicing, probably with only three or four more years to live. Then on fixed days there were confessions to hear, besides ceaseless summonses to bring the last sacraments to those who are going to be freed from their life of pain: dying now, not in despair, as was oftentimes the case before the Father came, but in calm and perfect peace.

But Father Damien's time was mostly spent in the hospitals. In addition to the work of his ministry which so often called him there, Father Damien had fixed days for what we may call official visits, in order to see that the sufferers had everything that was in their power to give them. And it was in this work that his heroism is brought more forcibly before us. The inmates were tended by friends who were as yet not much crippled by the ravages of the disease. The hospital formed two sides of a square and in this latter the patients could enjoy the fresh air and sunshine. Father Damien's visit brought a two-fold comfort. He cared for their bodies as well as their souls, for among his many branches of knowledge he numbered medicine. He would himself feed them, putting the food into their

mouths when the terrible malady had deprived them of their hands, and bring little sweetmeats and delicacies which, as he says in a letter to his brother, he "received in great abundance, especially from the Sisters of Honolulu." These last had charge of the hospitals there, to which doubtful cases of leprosy were sent, before dooming them to perpetual banishment.

Father Damien in his own hospitals at Molokai had ever a word of consolation to speak or a confession to hear; now he was at the bedside of the dying, administering the last rites of the Church. There they lay in the last stage of that horrible disease, unable to take food or drink, almost without drawing breath, curled up in a heap of corruption, equal to, if not surpassing, that of the grave. Listen to this description of a leprous child from the pen of an eye-witness: "A corner of the blanket was raised cautiously; a breathing object lay beneath; a face, a human face turned slowly towards us; a face on which scarcely a trace of humanity remained! The dark skin was puffed up and blackened, a kind of moss, gummy and glistening, covered it; the muscles of the mouth had contracted and laid bare the grinning teeth; the thickened tongue lay like a fig between them; the eye-lids curled tightly back, exposing the inner surface and the protruding eye-balls, now shapeless and broken, looked not unlike burst grapes." * And these were the objects of Father Damien's charity. It was in the care of cases such as this that the last sixteen years of his life were spent. But let us pass on to more cheerful and pleasant sights.

On Sundays and festivals Father Damien sang Mass at Kalawao, after which he hastened off to Kalaupapa, there again to offer the Holy Sacrifice. Then he had to be back to Kalawao for Vespers and Benediction and instructions in the church, after which he was obliged to return to Kalaupapa, to perform the same services. Everything connected with his church was perfect in its way. The sanctuary boys, though in many cases disfigured with disease, looked clean and neat in their plain white cottas. The altar vessels of richly wrought gold were given to Father Damien by the Superior of St. Roch in Paris. With

* Stoddart, *The Lepers of Molokai*, p. 70.

simple devotion the lepers sang short refrains as the service proceeded. Father Damien speaking of this himself, says: "My lepers are very fervent. They fill the churches from morning till night, and pour forth their prayers to God with an ardour that would make some religious blush." And these were the people of whom it was said, "They had no law." It might have been added that they had also little religion worth the name; for though in the other islands idolatry had been abolished, here in Molokai, till Father Damien came, paganism with all its horrors reigned supreme. Under him it became a peaceful, law-abiding community, with a happy cheerfulness that nothing on earth could destroy.

Hitherto the Father had worked single-handed, but now at length his burden was to be somewhat lightened. In the year 1879, another member of his Congregation came to share his labours. Father Albert had long been a missioner in another group of Pacific Islands, but was obliged by his failing health to return to France. After recruiting himself in his native country, when he thought of returning to his mission, the doctors would only permit him to go to the Sandwich Islands, where he arrived in 1874, and five years later he came to join Father Damien. He took charge of the Kalaupapa settlement, and for upwards of six years laboured with untiring energy.

Father Damien took advantage of his assistance to devote himself, if possible, with still greater energy to the care of souls. So great was the influence which the holy man had obtained among the lepers, that day after day he gained fresh souls to God. Thus he writes to his brother with frank simplicity:

"There are a fair number of Protestants here. Almost all end by seeing the truth; and I have the great consolation of beholding them die in the bosom of the Catholic Church."

The following extraordinary incident shall be told in the Father's own words written to his brother:

"Among the lepers was a Calvinist woman, as she called herself, who remained obstinate in spite of all my efforts to reclaim her. To all I said she would reply jokingly, and turn my words aside. One day I was summoned to her bedside, and soon perceived that she was possessed by a

spirit not her own. As she made signs of a wish to write, I handed her a pencil and a piece of paper. She wrote thus: 'I am not an evil spirit; I am the angel-guardian of this woman. For six months I have been urging her to be converted: now I am using this violent means. To-morrow she will be herself again, and will be converted.' I could hardly believe my eyes; but on my return the next day, I found her completely changed from her old obstinacy. She declared that she wished to be a Catholic, and asked for Baptism. I showed her the writing. 'Do you recognize that?' I asked 'No' she said. 'Have you felt anything lately?' 'For the last six months, every night, I have heard an interior voice telling me to become a Catholic. I always resisted, but now I am conquered.' She was instructed and baptized, and shows a fervour that edifies us all."

One thing more has yet to be mentioned as illustrating at once the devotion of the poor lepers and the effect of their holy pastor's teaching. There was nothing in which the lepers took more pleasure than in the processions of the Blessed Sacrament. Of all the beautiful and touching sights in Molokai this held the foremost place." "I myself," says Father Damien, writing to his brother, "strong, healthy, and vigorous, bearing in my hands the Blessed Sacrament, was followed and preceded by one long line of lepers, some deprived of their hands, others of feet, crawling along on their knees as well as they could, joining in the great act of adoration."

Another most touching thing was Father Damien's way of speaking to his lepers. "Whenever I preach to my people," he says, "I do not say 'My brethren,' as you do, but 'We lepers.' . . . People pity me and think me unfortunate, but I think myself the happiest of missionaries."

One short glance now at Father Damien in his own little house. The only kind of recreation the Father allowed himself was the care of his fowls. They were his pets, his playthings, and at his call they would flock around him, lighting on his outstretched arms and feeding from his hand. But, like everything about Father Damien, they were destined for practical purposes. When the need came they were willingly sacrificed for the benefit of his lepers, or the

entertainment of his friends. If he had a few moments to himself it was spent in the garden, or with hammers and nails on some bit of carpentering, at which he was very skilful. He performed all his own cooking and housework and whatever was necessary to be done in the chapel, which added to his other duties that of sacristan. A native, not a leper, mended his clothes and washed for him. Yet in spite of such precautions as these, his escape for eleven years seems almost miraculous. The tools he used daily were continually handled by lepers, while his house was scarcely ever free of them. But it was God's will that he should not go entirely free. The title which he loved so much and of which he was so proud, he was soon to have the right to call his own. Who knows whether it was not perhaps an answer to his prayers?

His Last Years and Death (1885–1889).

Father Damien had never had the least dread of leprosy. From the first moment of his sacrifice he had daily expected to find the signs of it showing themselves in him. It was not, however, till the year 1884 that he began to suspect its presence. In 1885 he was made certain of it in the following manner. One day after his return from a visit to Hawaii, feeling unwell, he determined to take a hot foot-bath. The water brought him was scalding, but he plunged his feet into it, and did not discover that it was almost boiling till he *saw* the effects of the scald. Father Damien knew at once the meaning of his insensibility to pain. One of the first symptoms of the presence of the disease is a loss or lessening of sensation in the part affected. A numbness of some fresh joint or limb was of daily occurrence among the lepers. They would sometimes seriously burn themselves in an infected part without being aware of it. To such an extent does the ravage of leprosy make them insensible to pain that many have been known to take a knife and cut off a dead joint of the finger or toe before it dropped off of its own accord.

The doctors' examination pronounced that anæsthesia

had set in as a preliminary symptom, and Dr. Arning announced to the father the result of their diagnosis. Father Damien was by no means distressed. He now felt that he was still more closely united to his flock. The lepers became nearer and dearer to him. It was a real satisfaction to know that he was to lay down his life for them. He still continued in his laborious work without in the least relaxing his exertions. We learn the spirit in which he accepts the will of God from the letters which he wrote at this time to his friends.

"Having no doubt myself of the true character of my disease, I feel calm, resigned, and happier among my people. God alone knows what is best for my own sanctification, and with that conviction I say daily a good *fiat voluntas tua*. Please pray for your afflicted friend, and recommend me and my luckless people to all servants of the Lord."

Admirable sentiments! every word breathes forth a spirit of intense resignation and patience. He had given himself to the lepers, he had counted the cost. He was theirs to live and die for them as God should please. The most perfect health and strength away from his dear lepers would have been no boon in his eyes. To one of those who visited him lately, he said, "I would not be cured if the price of my cure was that I must leave the island and give up my work."

It was at this time that the charity of Father Damien prompted others to imitate his glorious example of self-sacrifice, and accordingly the advent of Fathers Conradi and Wendolen, in company with two lay-brothers of the same Order, Brother Joseph and Brother James, brought joy to the grateful hearts of the suffering islanders. These latter remained with Father Conradi at Kalawao to assist Father Damien, who was now getting very weak and required all their assistance. Later on, three Franciscan Sisters from Honolulu came to share in the good work, and they were appointed to assist Father Wendolen at Kalaupapa, the residence of Father Albert, who had lately been removed from Molokai by his Superiors, and sent on the recovery of his health to his former mission. This good fortune for the lepers brought others quickly in its rear.

It was mainly owing to the visit of Mr. Charles Warren Stoddart to the island in 1884, and of Mr. Edward Clifford in 1888, that the outside world heard of the wonderful heroism that was being displayed in that melancholy island of the Pacific. Their writings had stirred up the sympathies of the English people. England at once generously came forward to the relief of the suffering priest and his afflicted children, and in 1886 the Rev. Hugh Chapman, an Anglican clergyman who has shown a remarkable enthusiasm on behalf of the martyr-priest of Molokai, collected for him and his lepers a sum of nearly £1,000. In the December of 1888 Father Damien received other assistance from Mr. Clifford, an English artist, who paid a visit to the island and brought many valuable presents from England.

Father Damien's energies were not yet exhausted. He set about a new work before he passed away to his reward. In the last year of his life he was busily engaged in building a new church. But he was daily wasting away with leprosy, and the fine strong man of old was now disfigured and in gradual decay. Yet he worked on to the end, calmly awaiting the moment of his deliverance. The last letter he wrote to his brother, dated Feb. 19, 1889, reveals his state of mind admirably:

". . I am still happy and contented, and though I am so grievously sick, still I desire nothing but the accomplishment of the will of God. . . . I am still able to go every day to the altar, though however with some difficulty. I do not forget any of you in my prayers, and so do you pray, and get others to do the same, for me, who am being drawn gently towards the tomb. May the good God strengthen me and give me the grace of perseverance and of a good death.

"Your very devoted brother,

"DAMIEN DE VEUSTER."

He had not to wait long for the end to come. On the 10th of April, less than two months from the date of this letter, the martyr of charity succumbed to the malady and passed away to the high place in Heaven that his charity had won for him.

He was indeed a martyr of charity, one of whom we may well be proud as an example of the heroism of our Catholic clergy. He is at present justly the object of generous admiration throughout the length and breadth of England. To those outside the Church such a life appears more wonderful than to us who are its members. We know that there are hundreds and thousands of priests and religious whose sacrifice is no less perfect than Father Damien's, and whose complete surrender of earthly comforts and joys is as great as his. But God from time to time puts such a man in the forepart of the battle, that the world may have before it a type of heroism that even men of the world cannot fail to appreciate.

But though Father Damien is gone, we must remember that he has left behind him a little band on whom his mantle has fallen, and who are carrying on his work. May God grant that they may be preserved from the fell disease that laid him low; or if it is God's will that they too should die as martyrs of charity, that for the sake of the poor lepers they may at least be long spared!

A DEATH-BED REPENTANCE.

By Lady Herbert.

It was Autumn. The foliage in the square garden was losing the fresh green hues and had become covered with dust and dirt. Some of the dead fallen leaves had collected in the paths beneath, affording great amusement to the small children who loved to shuffle their tiny feet in the part where the leaves lay thickest, much to the detriment of their boots. People were "out of town," as it is called. That is, some few houses were closed and the rich had gone to their country homes, or to Scotch moors, or to foreign baths; but the mass of the *world* was still in London, though the streets were quieter than they had been when the season was in full swing, and myriads of carriages had helped to swell the ever-deafening roar of carts and omnibuses.

Still, the noise of the latter was quite enough to try the patience of the inmates of a large red-brick hospital which faced the square, and the windows of which looked upon one of the busiest thoroughfares in the south-west of London. Perhaps some of the patients got used to it in time, as people will to anything which is unavoidable; but to many the irritation was very great, and greatly added to their nervous sufferings.

The accident ward was full. It was a sad and painful sight; many men struck down in the prime of life, with the prospect of being permanently crippled; some with dull, heavy, hopeless faces, bearing their pain as animals might do, without a thought of our Lord and His love to soften their agony; others frantic with the injuries they had received, and giving vent to groans and muttered curses. But there were some who wore a look of calm and almost happy resignation, among whom was a man of about fifty, who was not seriously hurt—a

simple fracture of the leg from which he was fast recovering; in fact, he did not expect to remain in the hospital many more days. He was talking earnestly with a Catholic priest who was sitting by his bed-side, and whose pale, thin face and deep-set eyes, with their sweet almost sad expression, told of a life well-nigh worn out in the service of his Divine Master.

"And now, Father," continued the sick man, "there is something I must tell you. You see yonder bed, where poor old Gamet lay last week—God rest his soul!—Well, the chap who lies there now was brought in yesterday, pretty nearly dead, they say he can't recover. Now I knew him a few years back when he was quite a lad, and I'm sure I am not mistaken in him. He was the son of as good Catholics as ever breathed, and he was brought up as nice and respectable as could be. Well, he went wrong somehow, I don't know how or why, but he gave up Mass and one thing and another, until at last when he was about eighteen, he walked himself off altogether. No one, not even his mother, poor soul! knew where he had gone to. Only, one day, they heard he was in London. A little later he sent home a few pounds, with a short note to say he was quite well and enclosing his photograph. (My eye! he did look a swell! yards of shirt-front and collar and a star-pin as big as a plate stuck into his tie!) But his poor mother cried when she got it, for he sent no address; and the poor thing was broken-hearted about her boy, and spent all her days and nights, it's my belief, praying for him."

"And are you sure that it is he?" enquired the priest.

"As sure as I can be, Father, for his face was one to be remembered. He was as fine a chap as you could meet in a day's march: but he's sadly altered now."

"Poor fellow! he does look mortally ill, John," replied Father C—— as he glanced in the direction of the bed. "I am afraid indeed he can't get over it!"

"So the nurses say, Father. And now will you go over and speak to him a bit? Perhaps a few words from you would make him happier."

"Of course, I will go; and do you pray for him in the meanwhile. I shall not see you again here, I hope, as you are leaving in a day or two, are you not?"

"Yes. Thank God for His goodness! I'm all but well. My poor Alice will be glad to have me home again, dear girl! and I hope I shall soon be fit for regular work again."

"I am very glad, And now good bye and God bless you. I shall go at once and speak to your poor friend."

Saying these words, the good priest crossed to the opposite side of the ward and stood for a minute or two by the sick man's bed without speaking, as he fancied by his closed eyes that he was asleep. But he was mistaken. The heavy lids slowly lifted and disclosed a pair of sad, sunken brown eyes, which were fixed for a moment on the priest: but then he deliberately turned away his head, though it evidently cost him no little pain to move. In spite of this discouraging sign, Father C—— bent over him and said in a gentle, low voice:

"I have just heard that you belong to the Church, my child, is that so?"

An unmeaning grunt was the only reply.

"Perhaps I can do something for you?" continued the priest kindly. "You are very ill and I should so like to comfort you."

"Go away," exclaimed the young fellow. "I am very ill and don't want to be disturbed."

"But you are a Catholic, you do not deny it," answered Father C—— "I will try and see you on Saturday when I come, perhaps you will have altered your mind by then." And with a sad yet not despairing heart, the good Father left the hospital.

Saturday came, but there was no change. Philip Morgan, for that was the sick man's name, was, if possible, more sullen and uncommunicative than before, although being weaker, for he was evidently sinking, he could not say much.

Day after day the priest tried to win him, not by talking religion, but by expressing sympathy in his sufferings and doing his best to alleviate them. But all

seemed useless. Several times, when he saw Father C—— coming near his bed, he would draw the sheets over his head so as to preclude any conversation. Then the good Father purposely took no notice of him, passing on to other patients, till one day he observed Philip anxiously following him with his eyes, while the expression of his face was changed. He drew near his bed once more and was received more courteously than before. After a few trivial remarks he asked him—"Would you like me to say a little prayer to you?"

"If you like, I don't care," replied Philip.

The priest then slowly repeated the Lord's Prayer, which he listened to with apparent indifference, as he did with several others: but when he repeated the three touching ejaculations to the Holy Family, so well known to every Catholic, Philip suddenly started, with an expression of pleasure and surprise. "What was that?" he exclaimed eagerly.

"I will repeat it again if you like," replied Father C——, gazing calmly at the agitated face on the pillow; and once more the words fell from his lips.

"My mother!" gasped the lad, "O, my poor mother! She taught me that."

"Did she now?" said Father C—— quietly, for he thought it best not to show any sign of surprise at the change in his manner. "They are very nice prayers, and so short for a sick person; would you like to repeat them with me?"

"Yes, perhaps I can remember them myself."

"You might try."

But somehow the words would not come: prayer had so long been a stranger to those poor lips, now blistered and parched with suffering. He had to give up the attempt, and could only look with an appealing glance at Father C——

"Your memory fails you, my poor lad!" he continued kindly. "Never mind, you shall say them with me," and taking Philip's hot hand in his own, he reverently bowed his head and again repeated the simple, beautiful words:—

"Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I give you my heart and my soul."

"Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, assist me in my last agony."

"Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, may I breathe forth my soul with you in peace. Amen."

With a weak and trembling voice, Philip followed, as well as he could until, at the last ejaculation, speech failed him and he burst into tears.

Father C—— fell on his knees, and whispered sweet words of consolation into the ears that had so long refused to hear anything from him, feeling as he did so that the fight for this sin-stained soul was at an end. It was a happy moment for his priest's heart, one of those rays of light which are sometimes sent to brighten the paths of men and women toiling for their Lord; and whose lives would be dreary enough, God knows, without the supreme consolation now and then granted to them, of being the instruments for saving human souls.

When the poor fellow's sobs had died away sufficiently for him to speak, his first repentant words showed his sincerity. "Father! forgive me for the shameful way I have behaved to you! please forgive me!"

"My dear child! do not say that!" replied Father C—— whose eyes were moist with tears. "You see, I knew you better than you did yourself. But you look tired. Would you like me to say 'Good bye' now and leave you for a bit?"

"O no, Father! Do not go yet, let me tell you about my mother. Ah! she was so good, so dear, she would have made me a good man, if . . ." he paused.

"If what?"

"If I had only let her!" he exclaimed, the flush of shame reddening his face and tears of remorse springing to his eyes.

"Come, never mind! I am sure you are sorry," urged the priest kindly. "Look here, you are too weak and tired to talk. Shall I read to you a bit?"

"No, no, I can talk all right," murmured the poor

lad. "And it would be such a relief to me to tell you all"—and so he began his sad and sorrowful tale of wilfulness and disobedience to his parents, ending in sin and folly—one of those unhappy stories which are alas! too common, and which bear their bitter fruit in remorse and ruin both here and hereafter. When he had finished, and was lying quite silent and still, Father C—— who had been a patient and deeply-interested listener, took the poor feverish hand in his and said gently:

"And now, my child, when are you going to make your confession?"

Philip started at the word. For a moment prejudice, born of long religious neglect and anti-Catholic associations was too strong for him and he exclaimed:

"Not that, Father! I did not bargain for that!"

But the Priest had slipped on his stole and answered with a smile:

"Don't you know that as a man and a friend, you have just been telling me all the secrets and sins of your past life? Now I only want you to seal my lips for ever by telling them to your merciful God in the person of His priest. Then you will be absolved and free from all stain; you can never refuse that?"

Philip seemed taken aback by this argument. Still, he hesitated: "I can't, Father," he exclaimed.

"I am sure you will do it," continued Father C—— encouragingly. "You are not a child; you can reason; you have not quite forgotten your mother's training, and you know that what I have said is perfectly true."

It was but a short struggle; and in a few minutes Philip Morgan, again restored to the Grace of God and with a thoroughly contrite and softened heart, was pouring out his whole soul in thanksgiving.

"Now I must leave you," said Father C——, "but to-morrow I hope to bring you Holy Communion."

Philip was too exhausted to answer: but the glad light in his eyes and the way he pressed the good priest's hand, spoke more eloquently than words. Long after Father C—— had blessed and left him, he lay with a peaceful smile on his face, full of joy and thankfulness

at the unexpected and unspeakable mercy which had rescued him from his previous state of sullen despair and given him hope and peace. There is little more to add. He received Holy Communion the next morning with great fervour, and for a short time, seemed to rally. But he knew that his injuries must prove fatal and his whole mind was given to preparing himself worthily for the approach of death. He lingered for two or three weeks, ever consoled and strengthened by the good priest, who visited him daily and on several occasions brought him Holy Communion. But when the end came, it was unexpected. He had been lying quietly listening, while the nurse, who was herself a devout Catholic, was reading aloud to him some verses from the 'Imitation' when she saw a sudden change came over his face and instantly sent for Father C——, who, fortunately, was at home and came at once. Strengthened by all the Sacraments with which the Church fortifies her departing children, poor Philip breathed his last, without agony or struggle, his last look fixed on the priest to whom, under God, he owed his salvation.

When all was over and the evening sunlight, slanting across the ward, fell on the pale, lifeless but beautiful features which lay so still on the pillow, Father C—— could only thank God from the depths of his heart for the wonderful love and mercy which our Lord had shown towards this, His erring child. For it seemed almost miraculous that Philip, whom the doctors thought would have died two or three days after he had come into the hospital, should have been spared all these weeks till his repentance was secured; and equally strange that the sudden inspiration which had moved the priest to utter those ejaculatory prayers, should have resulted in so thorough a conversion. May we not believe it was the fruit of his mother's prayers, and that she is now rejoicing with him in the presence of our Lord?

DADDY MIKE:

A Tale told in Australia.

By Lindsay Duncan.

One of the best known characters in our township is old Michael Cassidy, or, as he is more generally styled by the neighbours, "Daddy Mike." Michael is a kind of patriarch among us: he may fairly lay claim to the distinction of being our "oldest inhabitant," and he has the chronicles of the township, since its commencement, at his finger ends. His children are numerous, and have all married and settled in the vicinity, so that his family forms a by no means unimportant section of our community.

Daddy Mike is the friend alike of young and old. His sympathy and benevolence are universal and in constant employment; but perhaps his most marked characteristic is his unusual tolerance of judgment with regard to the follies and crimes of others. Now, as Michael's own life is generally held to be an exceptionally blameless one, this wondrous charity of his becomes all the more remarkable; because men of very upright and irreproachable lives are apt to wrap themselves round in the comfortable mantle of their own righteousness, and to look askance with indignant contempt at the wretched publicans and sinners with whom the world unhappily abounds. But Daddy Mike, whatever may be his condemnation of the crime, is always full of compassion, and, if possible, of excuses, for the criminal. To speak plainly, he looks at poor human nature from a purely Christian point of view—a way of regarding things which is singularly rare in these days, when so many of us, who call ourselves by the proud and glorious title of the "followers of Christ," work out our lives in diametrical

opposition to the teaching of the doctrines we profess to uphold.

This charitable tendency of Michael's came out strongly one evening not very long ago, when a large party of the Cassidy family was assembled outside the comfortable dwelling of James, the eldest son (with whom the old man resided), enjoying the invigorating effects of the cool breeze, after the heat and labours of the day. James had a newspaper in his hand, and had just been reading the appalling details of a shocking murder which had been lately committed, interrupted by many horrified comments from his auditors; which comments, at the conclusion of the reading, broke into a general chorus of abhorrence and execration of the perpetrators of the dreadful deed.

"It was a terrible thing," said Mike. "It is awful to think of that poor creature being hurried out of life without a minute's preparation. The Lord have mercy on his soul," he added solemnly, baring his white hairs, as he devoutly made the sign of the cross.

"Hanging's far too good for them that did it," cried a lad, with the hot, impetuous condemnation of youth.

"Don't say that, Patsie," gently remonstrated the old man. "Remember they're our fellow creatures after all, and it isn't for us to judge how strong the temptation may have been upon them."

"Fellow creatures!" repeated the lad, scornfully. "Why, grandfather, men who could do such a brutal action aren't worth the name of human beings!"

"Besides, father," put in James' wife, "don't you recollect it was only last Sunday Father Smith told us that we're never tempted without we receive at the same time sufficient grace to help us to get the better of it, if we have a mind to?"

"Aye, aye, Mary—I've not forgotten," replied the old man, nodding, "and I'd be the last to doubt the truth of it. But don't you see that if we always made use of the grace that's given us, none of us would ever be falling into sin? And when a man has made himself deaf with the drink, or out of his natural senses with rage, he isn't

likely to listen to any voice but that of the devil that's in him. Don't let us be too ready to condemn them—we can't say when it may be our turn to be tried—aye, and perhaps to fall as deep as any."

"But, father, you surely don't mean to say you think it likely that any well-disposed and respectable man would ever feel tempted to commit a great crime, like robbery or murder?" argued James Cassidy.

"I don't know about well-disposed and respectable folks, Jim," replied his father, with a somewhat sad smile. "Perhaps I was neither the one nor the other. But I do know that I was once tempted as you say—that I was as near to being a thief and a murderer as it is possible for a man to be without actually taking another man's goods and life." They all looked at the old man in silent wonder, with the exception of Patrick, who burst into an incredulous laugh, as he exclaimed—

"You're joking us, grandfather! you a murderer! Why you wouldn't hurt a mosquito, I believe, even if it bit you!" with which graphic expression of his belief in the old man's "quality of mercy," Master Pat looked round the domestic circle, and read an endorsement of his sentiment upon every face.

"You may believe what I say," said the old man, quietly. "It's as true as that I'm sitting here."

"How was it then, father?" asked Mary, with some hesitation. "Do you mind telling us about it?"

"No—; it's long ago now, and I don't mind speaking about it. I'll tell you the story if you would like to hear it," replied Mike, thoughtfully. "It'll show you that it's not without a reason that I'm fearful of judging other folks too hardly."

This proposal was eagerly accepted; and after pausing a few moments for reflection, the old man began to tell the story of his early life. He sat, the centre of the listening group, beneath the rough wooden verandah, with the last rays of the setting sun lighting up his rugged, kindly face, and tinging his silvery head with a faint glow of colour: and gazed, while he spoke, at the distant sky as though he were actually looking away into

the long vista of the past, which he was describing. It is impossible for me to convey to you any accurate idea of the simple but dramatic earnestness of his recital, heightened by the racy touch of the native brogue that still clung to his tongue; but the following is the story he told:—

"It is many and many a long year ago since the time I'm going to tell you about, before ever I left the old country," he said. "Jim, there, was only a babe of a few weeks old; and a sickly ailing little bit of a creature he was, for all he looks so strong and hearty now. Jim wasn't the eldest, though; there was a little girl before him, just two years old—poor, pretty Aileen: perhaps you never heard of her, for your mother and I never talked about her except we were alone. We had been married a little over three years when Jim was born, and at first were as happy and contented a pair as you'd easily find. It is true our home was a poor sort of place: the house was small and out of repair; but we had a fair-sized potato-patch and a decent field where a couple of cows could feed, and my father and grandfather and his father again, had lived in the same place before us; and we never thought of finding a fault with the old spot. It was but a hard life at the best, looking back on it now; but so long as we had clothes to our backs, and shoes to our feet, with plenty of potatoes and buttermilk, and maybe a bit of bacon boiled for the Sunday's dinner, we wanted no more. However, after a couple of years, things began to change with us for the worse. The best of the cows took sick and died, and a few months afterwards the other followed. We couldn't afford to buy others, so the butter-making, which used to bring in a bit of money, had to be given up. Soon after this, disease broke out among the pigs, and swept them all off; and the season was such a wet one that the best part of our potatoes just rotted in the ground before they were half grown. It seemed as if a blight had fallen upon us: and when our little Aileen sickened with fever, I began to think that Providence had forsaken us entirely. But the worst hadn't come yet, for, for many a long week after

Jim was born, poor Kate—it's your mother I mean—was lying on her bed that weak and ill that she couldn't move hand or foot. The neighbours looked in and gave a helping hand when they could, but none lived very near us, and those that were nearest were as poor as ourselves, so it wasn't much they could do, poor souls. The doctor came sometimes, and left physic; but he told me that the only chance to save either my wife's life, or the little girl's, was to let them have plenty of nourishing food. Nourishing food! Where was I to get it from? It seemed like mockery to speak of it. But I did the best I could for them, until I'd sold almost every stick about the house that I could lay my hands on.

"Of course, all this put me behind with the rent; and one day I got a fresh notice, calling on me to pay all that was due a whole year—at once. I couldn't pay any of it, and started off to tell the agent so, and to ask for time.

"I can remember that day as well as if it was only last week! It was a cold raw day in the middle of the winter. The ground was wet and muddy underfoot, and there was a little snow lying here and there upon the tops of the hills, where it hadn't melted in the thaw. The huntsmen were out, and seemed to be having a fine day's sport; every now and then I caught a sight of their red coats in the distance, and heard the cry of the hounds. Somehow the sight of them angered me. What right had they to be amusing themselves, while I was so wretched, I thought? Of course, it wasn't reasonable of me, but I was too miserable to reason. I only know that I hated them for seeming so happy; and that this foolish feeling grew so strong upon me that at last I turned and shook my fist at the gay gentlemen on their fine horses, and I believe I almost wished that some accident might happen to them to stop their pleasure. That will show you the sort of mood I was in—the devil seemed to have got possession of me that day, and I didn't care to even try to drive him away. It was a good step to where I had to go, and the road took me past the door of the Church. I was going in for a minute, as I gener-

ally did when passing—but just as my foot was on the step, something inside me seemed to say: 'What's the use of going in there? You've prayed and prayed and no help has come, so you may just as well leave it alone,'—and I turned and trudged on again.

"The agent lived in a comfortable house on the outside of the village. A rosy-looking servant girl opened the door to me and showed me into a room where Mr. Moore was writing. It was about the middle of the day, and as we went down the passage I saw a table spread for dinner, and some healthy children just going to take their places at it. There were big bright fires burning in the grates, and all through the house there was a delicious tempting smell of freshly-roasted meat. Ah, children, you should thank God that you don't know what it is to be hungry, and have nothing to eat! I tell you that when I smelt that smell of dinner, in Mr. Moore's house that day, it turned me sick and giddy with the longing for food—not so much for myself, though it was long since I had eaten a full meal of anything, but for those I'd left at home weak and fasting. The Lord forgive me all the sinful thoughts I had that day! In my misery I said to myself that there couldn't be a just God in Heaven, or He would never let the world's good things be so unequally divided.

"'Oh, it's you, is it, Cassidy?' Mr. Moore said, hardly looking up from his writing, as I went in. 'You've come to pay the rent, I suppose. You might have been a little more punctual, I must say, but we'll look over it this time.'

"'Indeed, then, Sir, it's not to pay the rent I'm come,' I began, when Mr. Moore interrupted me.

"'Not to pay the rent? What on earth have you come for, then? Make haste, and say what you've got to say, my man, for I'm in a hurry this morning.'

"I knew he was thinking that he'd be called to his dinner in a minute, and I felt more desperate than ever.

"'I've come to ask for time, Sir,' I said. 'Everything's gone wrong with me this last year, and with a sick wife and child, I haven't been able to save a penny for the rent."

"'Come, come, Cassidy, that won't do, you know,' the agent answered. 'I've heard that story a few times too often to believe it. I've no time for trifling. How much money have you got snugly put away in the bank?'

"I was so completely taken aback by this question that I just stammered, foolishly, 'In the bank, Sir?'

"'Aye, in the bank. You know well enough what I mean. It's not the first time a man has come to me with a pitiful tale about bad times, and a sick wife, and all the rest of it—and he with money banked all the while. Now, look here, my friend—either you pay the rent that's due, or you turn out, bag and baggage. There's another thing—the rent's to be raised another pound a quarter. Perhaps you have heard that the estate has been sold: the new landlord isn't the sort of man to stand any fooling, I can tell you. So now, you understand. Unless you bring me the rent before this time next week, out you go!'

"I couldn't speak. My head felt dazed and giddy, and a queer feeling came into my throat as if I was choking. I hadn't a word to tell him he was mistaken about the money—and something told me it would be no use if I had—he wouldn't have believed me. I just turned slowly away like a man in a dream, and as I went out of the house, I heard one of his happy children calling out to him to make haste and go to his dinner.

"I don't know how I got home, but as I laid my hand upon the door-latch, I was roused by the sound of sobs and wails inside, and when I entered I found my poor Kate wildly weeping over the cold body of our pretty little Aileen. The child had died while I was away."

Mike paused here a moment to steady his voice. After all the long years that had since passed, the memory of that sorrowful day was still too keen for calmness. Presently he continued:

"I tried to console Kate a bit; but it was no use, and I went out to fetch a neighbour to her. As I passed out

I snatched up my gun—more from habit than anything else, for I often used it to shoot rabbits on the mountain, and I'd kept it when I'd sold nearly everything else, on that account. I can't tell you how I passed the next few hours, because I never properly knew myself. I suppose I must have been mad, in a way. All the wild talk I had ever heard—and it was a good deal—about the wrongs of Ireland, and the tyranny of landlords, rang through my head again and again. As I said before, I let the devil take hold of me, and he made me a wild, desperate, frenzied creature, who could hardly tell right from wrong.

"It was getting dusk, when I saw a gentleman riding slowly home from the hunt, and recognised him for Sir Arthur Newton, the Englishman who had bought the estate, and had now given orders to raise the rents. I saw him pull up his horse and look at his watch in the dim, fading light, and then ride slowly on again. He looked so careless and contented as he rode on, singing softly to himself, and every now and then patting and speaking to the handsome beast he rode—a beast that seemed as well cared for and well fed as his master. I hated them both with a terrible hatred—recollect that I told you I believe I was mad—I *must* have been mad that day. A horrible temptation flashed across me: I would shoot him! Yes, kill him in the midst of his pride and happiness and cruel oppression, and there should be bitter sorrow in another home as well as mine. There was a strange wicked comfort in the thought that I could perhaps make others almost as wretched as myself. I would kill him, and take his watch and money, and fly. Surely the neighbours would look after Kate and the baby for a while, till she could join me. Or, if they caught me and hanged me, it didn't much matter, I thought in my madness—life was too bitter for me to care much about it.

"So with all these wild thoughts tossing about in my brain, till my head felt as if it would burst, I crept along in the shadow of a hedge, to meet my victim. I had raised my gun and pointed it through the hedge, when

I suddenly heard the sound of wheels in the distance. This startled me, and I moved quickly. At the same moment the gun in my hand went off with a loud report. I felt a sharp, stinging pain in my shoulder, and then I remembered no more.

"When I came to my senses, I found Sir Arthur himself bending over me, unfastening my coat as gently and tenderly as a woman could have done. A little girl about ten years old stood beside him with a white frightened face, and tears in her pretty blue eyes. Her voice was the first I heard, and a sweet voice it was—almost like an angel's, it seemed to me, in its grief and pity.

"'Oh poor, poor man,' she was saying, 'Is he very badly hurt, papa? He isn't dead, surely?'

"'No, my dear,' her father said. 'See, he is opening his eyes! Come, John,' he called out to a groom, who stood beside a little pony carriage in the road, holding the horse and the pony. 'Never mind the horses—they'll stand a moment. Help me to lift this man into the carriage, and then mount Comet and be off after the doctor as fast as you can. Miss May and I will go on home with him for the present. He isn't in a condition to tell us who he is—or where he lives, poor fellow, so I think that's the best we can do. That's right—gently now!'

"They lifted me between them, and I tried to speak—to bid them leave me there to die—not to touch me, for I did not deserve that they should do it—but I was too weak. My voice died away into a groan, and they thought it was from pain: whereas it came from the shame of remorse in my wicked soul. For, as I came back to life, the dreadful madness of the last few hours left me, and I saw the awful wickedness of what I had meant to do, as clearly as I see it now. O how I thanked Heaven that the sound of carriage-wheels startled me just when it did! That sweet child, driving her little pony along the road to meet her father, had, in God's mercy, saved Sir Arthur's life and my wretched soul.

"As soon as I could speak properly, which wasn't for a couple of days, for I was very ill and weak, I asked to see Sir Arthur, and confessed to him what I had meant to do. Of course I expected he would be very angry, but I felt it to be my duty to let him know what a wretch he was harbouring in his house, and treating with so much kindness. But he only said, very solemnly:

"'May God pardon you, Michael Cassidy, as freely as I do,'—and when he said that, I just burst out crying, and sobbed like a child. I found afterwards that Lady Newton and little Miss May had been to see my poor Kate, and had supplied her with good things, and given my poor baby-girl a decent burial. It seemed that, after all, Sir Arthur had never wished to deal hardly with the tenants, but that Mr. Moore was very anxious to get all the rents in, so as to recommend himself to his new master, and tried to make out that it was all by Sir Arthur's orders.

"Well, children, you may imagine the old place was hateful to me after that. Every step I took outside the house only served to remind me of my dreadful sin, and I longed to get away from it all, and begin my life afresh. Sir Arthur helped us to come out here, and since then I have never looked back. But the remembrance of my temptation and of how little stood between me and the most awful of crimes in that hour of madness, has never left me; and it makes me strive not to judge others too harshly, lest I also should be judged according to my sin. I didn't think ever to have spoken of this—but, perhaps it is as well that you should know it, so that you, too, learning from my own experience, may, 'thinking that ye stand, take heed lest ye fall,' and be merciful in your hearts to any poor sinners."

THE PIOUS CONVICT.

By Lady Herbert.

That justice sometimes goes astray, and that innocent people occasionally suffer for the sins of others, is a fact which no one can deny, although we believe it to be more rare in England than in other countries. But that unmerited punishment of this nature should be willingly accepted by the victim, and that God should turn it to his higher sanctification, is a still more exceptional case. A striking instance of this was told me not long ago by a very holy priest, who has devoted himself for years to the spiritual care of the galley slaves at the Fortress of Rochfort near Brest. Like another St. Vincent de Paul, the Rev. Father Lovigne, S.J., has given up his whole life to this work, and has won the confidence and affection of men of every class and station. I will give the story in his own words:—

"There exists, I believe, at this moment, a man whose remembrance is ineffaceably engraved in my mind: a man who by his virtues, I should rank even above all the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, and all Religious whom I have known of both sexes. He is a saint—I use the word deliberately—and I venerate him as such, and yet this man is a galley slave. One day he came to me in the confessional for the first time; and after his confession was over, I asked him some questions, as I often did in a fatherly way with those poor fellows, but in his case I had a particular motive for doing so. I had been very much struck with the calm, sweet expression of his countenance, which was quite different from the dogged look of acquiescence in the inevitable which I had often seen on the faces of his companions, and of which I had learned to take little heed. For alas! in this work, as in many others where the criminal classes are concerned, one must—I do not say harden one's heart—but look with suspicion on many things which one would naturally be inclined to accept as marks of repentance, or intended reformation, while instead they are only the mask of life-long habits of roguery and

deception. In this man's case, however, I felt there was nothing which was not honest and straightforward, The precision with which he expressed himself in answer to my enquiries, the rigorous exactness and the laconic nature of his replies, excited my curiosity more and more. Convicts are generally garrulous in their communications, and too glad to weave a long story of their innocence, in hopes of deceiving the often too credulous chaplain. This man answered me without affectation, without adding a single useless word, or going a step further than my question required, so that it was only by pressing and cross-questioning him, that I at last obtained, in a few short and simple words, the recital of his touching history.

'How old are you?' I first asked him.

'Forty-five, Father.'

'How long have you been here?'

'For ten years.'

'Are you to remain much longer?'

'For life.'

'For what, then, are you condemned?'

'For arson.'

'I need not ask you, my poor friend, whether you have repented of your crime?'

'I have often grievously offended God, Father, but of that particular crime I was not guilty. Nevertheless, for my past sins I am justly condemned, but it was God Who condemned me and not man.'

"This answer still further excited my curiosity, and I persisted in my enquiries:—

'But what do you mean? Explain yourself.'

'I led a wild and godless course as a youth, Father, indulging myself in every sinful pleasure. I thus offended God very much, and have been very guilty towards Him, but not towards the public. After many years of vice and self-indulgence, God suddenly touched my heart, and I saw myself as I was. I resolved with all the strength of my will to change my life and repair the past. But after my conversion, there remained an intense anxiety in my mind; an immense weight upon my heart. Not that I did not believe in His All-merciful

forgiveness, but I had offended Him so much, and so often, how could I ever believe He had forgotten all? I had sinned against light and knowledge, and I found nothing I could do, enough to make atonement for the iniquities of my youth. An immense longing to repair them came over me—a want which I could not satisfy—a positive hunger for suffering, that I might make some amends to the good and loving Lord I had so cruelly offended and crucified afresh. While I was in this state of mind, a fire broke out near my house. How it originated I never knew, nor in what way any suspicion of being implicated in it, fell upon me. But so it was; and I was soon after arrested and brought to trial. During the proceedings, when all my friends were anxious to prove my innocence, I alone remained perfectly calm. I felt that I was in the hands of God, and that if He willed that this should be the atonement I had craved for, I was willing to accept it. From the first I foresaw plainly that I should be condemned. I had certain enemies who managed to give a false colouring to various little circumstances which all told against me at the trial. But I was ready for whatever God might appoint. At length the day came when the verdict was to be pronounced. The jury left the Court to deliberate upon my fate, and at the moment I seemed to hear an interior voice which said to me: "If I condemn thee now, I will also take upon Myself to be thy eternal happiness, and to restore thy peace of mind." And at that instant, I felt a most delicious peace which pervaded my whole being. The jury returned, bringing in the verdict of guilty of the crime of arson, but with extenuating circumstances. I was, therefore, not condemned to death, but to the galleys for life. I with difficulty restrained my tears when the sentence was pronounced, which would naturally have been attributed to any other cause but the true one—namely—that an inexpressible feeling of happiness came over me, for I felt I was forgiven. They took me back to my cell, and as soon as I was alone, throwing myself on my straw bed, I shed a torrent of such sweet tears as any one might have envied and would have felt happy to buy at the price of any sacrifice.

An ineffable peace filled my whole soul. It did not leave me in my journey to the hulks, and it has never left me since. As far as my daily life is concerned, I endeavour to fulfil all my duties as conscientiously as I can, and to obey all those over me in all things. As regards those in command over us, I never look to the commissioners, nor to the adjutants, nor to the subalterns, but to God alone. I pray always and everywhere; even while labouring at the oars, I still pray; and the time passes so quickly I can scarcely believe I have been here so long. Hours go like minutes, days like hours, months like days and years like months, and even still quicker. I find it difficult to explain how it is. No one knows me here: if they think of me at all they believe I am justly condemned; and that is true, though not in the way they think. You will not find out who I am either, Father; I give you neither my name nor my number. Only pray for me, I entreat of you, that I may do the will of God to the end.'

"With these words he left me, amazed and edified. I only saw him once more, one evening when he came with the rest to receive absolution; but he slipped away directly after. I have since tried in every possible way to discover him, but he hides himself from my researches, as he has done from the ordinary confessor of the place, to whom I related his touching story. Twice I have gone back to the place to try and find him, and have always been defeated in my endeavours, though I did all I could to try and see him again. But it is evidently the will of God that he should remain in the hidden path of suffering and atonement, which he has thus voluntarily chosen. He is invisible to human eyes: but I feel myself interiorly united with him, and his remembrance will never be effaced from my soul."

So far spoke the good Jesuit Father. May we not share the hope with him that the time may not be far distant when this true martyr of penance may be called to receive the reward of his patience and perseverance; and when the unknown and despised convict may share in the glories prepared for those who through much tribulation have entered into the Kingdom of God?

ONLY A LITTLE BOY.

By Baroness Pauline Von Hügel.

I.

I want to tell you something about a little boy, his hopes and his troubles, and how he came to spend a very happy Christmas—such a one as I wish you all. He lived a long way off, and spoke a different language from yours, but he belonged to the same holy faith, and had the same love of the dear Christ Child, and the things both hallowed and happy which He brings with Him when He comes. So I think you may like to hear about this little boy.

His name was Konrad, and he lived in a small village in the Tyrol, with the great snow-crowned mountains around him, on which the blue gentians and pretty alpine roses grew. He had never seen any other country in his life; he did not know what a town or railway or steamship were like, but he felt quite sure that God never made anything so beautiful as the "Innthal," and he loved it with all his heart and soul. And in the summer, when he was out on the sunny mountain-side minding the cattle, or in the winter when he ran to Mass through the pine-wood, all white and solemn with the hoar frost, he would say to himself:

"I will be a painter some day, when I am a man, and put all this in a picture; and then people a long way off will see it and they will say 'How beautiful the Innthal must be,' and then they will come and see it for themselves, and be happy."

The wood of which I have spoken was just behind the cottage in which he lived, and the wind, as it sighed among the pine trees, told Konrad wondrous things. He did not know much, and the waving of tree tops could not really tell him anything he did not know al-

ready; but it filled his mind with those vague and great longings for what is beautiful, which, in the soul of the young painter are not unlike the growing pains some children feel in their little bodies.

And then, too, he would lie awake in his small bed at night weaving stories for himself of brave knights and fair ladies, of fairies and of angels, such as Aunt Minna would sometimes tell about, when all sat round the fire listening.

Aunt Minna came but seldom, for she lived a good way off; but Konrad, with the help of the snow, and the trees, and the stars, and the wind, could add to those stories and weave them one into another, till he fell asleep, and dreamed of them. Then when his mother came and said: "Konrad, it is time to get up," he would awake to dream by day as well as by night, till—for he was but a little fellow after all—his brothers would go and slide on the frost-bound water hard by, or build up a huge snow man, or go for some frolic in the woods in spring, and then he would leave his dreams, and be a merry laughing child.

"But," you will say, "if he had never seen anything but his father's cottage, and the small church and village, how could he even picture knights, and queens, and fairy palaces to himself?"

Well, he once had what to the little boy was little short of a vision. It was on a hot July evening, when the shadows of the hills were beginning to grow long, and the Angelus bell had just done ringing. Konrad stood, bareheaded, beside his father, finishing his Aves, when a coach drew up on the bridge over the Inn, just under the statue of St. John of Nepomuck; and a lady, all in white, as spotless as the snow on the mountains, with eyes as blue as the gentians and hair as golden as the sunset, called to Konrad's father.

Something must have got wrong with the coach, for the beautiful lady alighted and came into their cottage. Konrad did not quite know how it all happened,—but there she was sitting in the kitchen with Anna, the only little girl and baby, on her knee. Then she noticed the

other boys, and at last she called Konrad to her side, saying :

" And what are you going to be, dear child, when you are a big man ?"

The boy looked up into her face, with its wondrous crown of golden hair, and something in those eyes made him tell his secret, all shy and trembling as he was, and he said :

" I am going to be a painter, lady, because I love the Innthal, and when it is winter and the pine-trees are white, I say it is prettiest so, and I wish God would never let it change. But then the thaw comes and the spring with the cuckoo, and the flowers and the waters seem to laugh for joy as they run quickly down the mountains and then I think, ' so it is best after all ; ' but yet it seems a pity that one pretty thing should push away another. But I know there are such men as painters who do better things than the picture of St. Florian in church ; and if I were one of them I would paint the pretty things as they come, and then, when they went I should not mind, for I should feel God had let me make them live in the picture, as they could not go on for ever, really."

The lady looked at the child and smiled : but it was a kind smile, and her voice was kinder still as she said :

" Then, Konrad, you wish to be something very great indeed. You are quite a little boy yet, but when you are bigger, if you are still of the same mind, I will help you."

And then Konrad knelt down and kissed the beautiful lady's hand and wondered, perhaps, if she were not an angel after all.

But all life ought not to be lived in a dream, and Konrad, always a dreamer, grew worse as he grew older. His mother was a good, kind woman, and loved him dearly ; but it was troublesome if she sent him errands to find he forgot them, that when she bid him watch the fire, it generally went out, and that more than once he angered his father by letting the cattle stray.

One day in the beginning of November, when the deep snow was already keeping the slumbering earth warm, Konrad's mother called him and bid him mind little

Anna, as she had business in the village. His father was at Bruneck, where he had gone to buy a new cow, and the other boys had gone to the monastery to say their catechism to Father Francis; but Konrad was glad enough to play alone with baby Anna, whom he loved almost better than anyone else, and his mother trusted him. O how she would have hurried home if she had known what was happening!

After playing for a while Konrad got into dreamland—a land so fair and bewitching. He saw the gracious lady once more, but it was not there—it was in a fairy palace with silver-winged angels all around, and then. . . . he came to himself with a start, his mother was in the doorway and was uttering a great scream; and there was Anna by the fire, laughing at the bubbling of the soup in the great black pot. Konrad saw his mother run towards her but it was too late—she had pushed the pot over and the scalding stuff was pouring all down her frock.

It was getting late—baby Anna was crying piteously, while Konrad stood near white and heartsick.

Presently the poor mother, who was walking up and down trying to soothe the little thing's wailing, turned round and noticed him. Poor soul! she was much tried, and in her grief said words for which she was very, very sorry afterwards.

"You are a bad, wicked boy," she exclaimed. "Dear little Anna! she is so badly burned I think she will die, and it is all your fault. O if only father were here!—he could have walked over to Lavant and fetched the doctor—he might have saved her, but O! we can do nothing now, God help us," and she burst into tears.

Konrad's face grew whiter and whiter, but he was too miserable to cry! Little Anna going to die! and he had killed her by his carelessness!

Suddenly his face brightened—the doctor should come, he would know how to cure her—he would go and fetch him at once! It is true Lavant was seven miles off, and it was getting late and the snow was deep—but what of that? If he could but save his little sister, it would not

much matter if he died in the snow on his way back. Nobody could ever love such a wicked boy again; "and yet," he thought with a great sob, "if I do die, I think God will know I was not really so very wicked."

So he slipped out of the warm cosy kitchen out into the cold still air. The moon was rising—at least he would have light for his journey. He prayed to his good angel to guide him aright, and I am sure he did so, for the boy did not miss his road, but his poor little feet grew so numb with cold he could no longer run or walk fast as on starting—and he had at least three more miles to go.

Poor little child! the friendly moon began to be overclouded—but for the shimmer of the pure snow it would have been dark indeed, and presently the snow began to fall, not in unkindly gusty drifts, but softly, softly, making him feel strangely drowsy as he crawled along.

He could just see faint distant lights and he knew the village of Lavant could not be so very far off now, but he felt he could never reach it—he had done all he could! He sank to the ground praying:

"Oh, holy Mother Mary! send the doctor to little Anna—take care of us, we are your children."

Then he fell asleep, and the snow went on falling gently, gently—making a soft white quilt over the weary child.

II.

It was Christmas Eve. In a fine castle not many miles from Lavant a tall fair lady and her husband were arranging a Christmas-tree with gold and silver nuts, and rosy apples, and waxen tapers, and underneath they piled gifts for their children—story books and many toys—but on an easel near at hand they placed a large and beautiful picture of the Christ Child and His mother. And then the lady smiled and said:

"I think they will all be pleased and happy to-night."

At six o'clock the tapers were lit and the lady called in her children, while her husband carried in a pale,

wistful-eyed little boy, who, indeed, was no other than our Konrad, and laid him gently on a couch in front of the picture.

"See," said the lady's eldest daughter, Marie, running towards him, "that is your Christmas present—there are toys and suits of clothes like yours for you to take home to your brothers, and a big doll for Anna, but the picture is for you, because mamma says you want to be a painter and that you will like it better than anything else."

Konrad's pale face flushed, and he clasped his little hands reverently as he gazed with all his soul in his large eyes at the Blessed Mother and her dear Christ Child, and the holy angels and the happy shepherds. The child looked and looked, but he said nothing, and Marie was a little disappointed. Perhaps mamma had made a mistake, and that dear little Konrad, whom they had fetched to their Christmas tree this morning to give him pleasure, would have had more if they had given him some nice toys—if so he should have hers, the kind little girl resolved. But Marie's mamma, who was standing a little way off, knew better, and beckoned the children away.

"Let me talk to Konrad for a few minutes, dears," she said. And then she went to the boy and laid her fair white hand on his little dark head. "You like your present, I know," said she.

"O, kind lady, is it really all my own to keep?" he asked.

"Yes, Konrad," she replied, "and when you are a man, you too will paint the Blessed Mother as well as our dear Innthal, and then you will give me a picture in return for this one," and she stooped down and kissed the child while he murmured his thanks.

"How beautiful they all are!" he said looking at his picture once more.

"Yes, they are," said the lady, "but I want you not only to think them beautiful but to learn something from them. You see, dear child, God has been very kind to you—He has given you what is called genius. The little drawings your mother showed me when you were ill are very well done indeed for so young a boy who has taught himself—that is a thing to thank God very much for.

Then he saved your life so wonderfully! It was no simple chance which made the doctor go out on such a night and stumble against you nearly dead in the road. God must have put it into that good gentleman's heart to carry you home that same night to your mother, so that he saw poor little Anna and made her get well sooner than you, poor child. And now you will soon be well again, and when the spring comes you will be able to run about upon the hills once more. I think you ought to be very grateful to so good a God."

"I am, I am," he cried, "and for my picture too."

"Well then, Konrad, if you wish to show Him you are grateful, learn a lesson from this picture—and chiefly from the holy shepherds. They can never have seen anything so beautiful as Jesus and Mary, in all their lives—but what do you suppose they did when they went back to their rooms? Do you think they went about dreaming all the day long, letting their poor sheep stray, and forgetting their little common duties?"

Konrad hung his head, but the lady smiled.

"I don't quarrel with a little day dreaming," she said, "you could not do without it; but I want you to see how very beautiful real every-day life is or ought to be. You cannot make your dream-life one half so beautiful, try as you may, as you can make this other real one by simply doing God's will—being humble, pious, gentle, and obedient. The Christ Child had just the same sort of things as you to do when He was your age—He did not forget to do them because He was thinking about heaven—no, He did them, and did them well. And so you, Konrad, must do all your little duties with all your heart, and it will make your mind strong and your soul brave, and your life will be as beautiful as any story, and your soul like some sweet picture for God to look upon with pleasure and delight. Just think of all a little boy can be!"

And then Konrad said:

"O, I will be good! And I will paint pictures all for you, dear lady, when I am big; and now and always I will try to make my soul beautiful for the dear God to look down upon and smile!"

A MIRACLE OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

By Lady Herbert.

Many people complain that faith in these days has grown cold: that the reason why our Lord works so few miracles in England is on account of our materialism, and that we are too much absorbed with worldly matters to think enough of supernatural things. That may be true among the rich and prosperous: but among the poor, the sick, and the suffering, miracles of grace are often wrought even in this cold Protestant land; and the following story, which was told me by a good old priest a few weeks ago, is an evidence of this fact among many others.

Father W—— was once assistant chaplain at a gentleman's house in the north of England. The regular chaplain was ill, and he went to supply his duty for a time. He said he was rather discouraged at first by the number of Methodists about the place, and felt how difficult it would be to make many conversions amongst them. Still, the Catholics who attended the chapel were very fervent, and many of them had been received into the Church, they told him, during the last few years: so he resolved not to be easily discouraged, but to work and pray. At the bottom of this gentleman's park a poor boy, living in one of his cottages, was dying of consumption. He was the son of very respectable, working people who were Wesleyans: but he had himself

been brought up in the Church of England. He was a singularly nice lad: and the lady of the big house used to go and see him constantly and supply him with every little thing he wanted. As she saw his hopeless state she was very anxious that he should be brought into the Church, and asked Father W—— to try what he could do, while she would have a novena of prayers said for him. Father W—— went accordingly: but though the boy was very good and liked his visits, he did not show the slightest sign of wishing to become a Catholic. One day when they had been talking together for some time, and Father W—— had been telling him some stories, the lad said very simply: "Well, I can't see why people fancy Catholics can't be saved. I think they can (when they are good like the people you have been telling me about), quite as much as we Protestants!"

This was not very hopeful: but still Father W—— persevered, and the poor boy used to look forward to his bright, pleasant visits, though they did not often touch on any disputed points. A few days later Father W—— while saying his Mass, had a certain strong inspiration that he was to take the Blessed Sacrament to a dying person in the village; and as soon as he had made his thanksgiving, he started off accordingly, carrying the Sacred Host. But when he came to the sick man's house, he found that the patient was better, and that he could not receive It. On his return he passed by the door of the sick boy, and a something, he knew not what, impelled him to go in, still bearing in his breast our Blessed Lord. He began to talk to him about the miracles in the Gospels, of which the lad was very fond, and then said: "You believe, don't you, that our dear Lord has just as much power now to work miracles as He had when He was at Jerusalem?" The boy replied "Yes." "Well," continued the priest, "if you were to meet Him now, and could ask Him for anything you wanted, what would you ask for? The recovery of your health?"

The lad shook his head and said: "No, I would rather leave that to Him."

"Quite right," replied Father W—— "But you would

like Him to grant you full forgiveness of all your faults and a peaceful death-bed, and also that you might die in the true Church, whatever that might be, wouldn't you?"

"Yes! yes!" answered the boy eagerly.

"Well, then, I am going to say a little prayer for you to that effect, just as if our Lord were present and you were speaking to Him. And you must repeat it after me and say it *with all your heart*, mind!" The boy nodded assent. Father W—— took the pyx out of his breast and put it in his two hands, which he closed, and then said a little prayer, invoking in his heart the Holy Host he was holding, for those three things; in which the sick boy fervently joined. He then gave him the pyx to kiss, and solemnly blessed him with it: which the boy reverently accepted, not knowing what it all meant, but thinking it was simply a Catholic ceremony. When the priest got home, and had replaced the Blessed Sacrament in the ciborium, he went to his room; and found, to his dismay, a summons from the Bishop to go immediately to a neighbouring large town to supply for a sick priest who had been taken dangerously ill. This he was reluctantly compelled to do, leaving the sick boy who had so deeply interested him, without being able to see the result of what he had done. But he went to the lady of the house, told her about it and implored her to go and see him as soon as she could. The lady went the next day and found him much worse. As soon as she came in he cried out: "O! Mr. W—— is gone and the other chaplain passed by my door this morning and never looked my way! But I wanted him so much!"—The lady replied: "That was only natural, you know, as you are not one of his flock. But do you really want to see him?"—"Yes," replied the dying boy. "Please fetch him as soon as you can."

The lady flew to the chaplain's house, who was fortunately at home and who instantly putting on his hat accompanied her directly to the boy's bedside. He was not like Father W—— and rather a "rough and ready" though a good man: so he said straight out: "Well, my boy, you have sent for me and here I am.

But what do you want? Do you wish to become a Catholic?" "Yes, Sir," was his instant reply.

The lady left them and went down stairs to speak to his mother. "It's very odd, Ma'am," said the poor woman sobbing. "I can't make it out, but ever since Mr. W—— came that last time he has thought of nothing else. He had never been for the Catholics before at all. And I've heard all Mr. W—— said to him, and it was only about our Lord and the Gospels. But it's all his own doing; he told me last night he never could die in peace if he wasn't a Catholic, and now nothing else will content him!"

Then and there the boy made his confession to the priest, and told him that ever since that prayer and blessing of Father W——'s he had never been able to rest. He was so exhausted that evening that the priest went to fetch the Holy Oils and the Viaticum. His state of mind was quite beautiful: he seemed to understand everything without instruction, received Baptism and all the last Sacraments with the greatest faith and devotion, and died the next day, a heavenly smile resting upon his features as if already in possession of the Beatific Vision. And the holy old priest, Father W—— in the midst of his labours in the big town where he had been sent, felt his heart full of joy and thankfulness at this fresh proof of our Lord's mercy and love, and a still greater confidence in the Blessed Host which had worked so great a miracle.

SAINT COLUMBANUS

(539–615)

BY THE REV. JOHN GOLDEN

We have here no permanent city, but we seek one to come.—HEB. xiii. 14.

ANCIENT in name and in history, the little town of Bangor is situated on the southern shore of Belfast Lough. On the opposite coast of the fine bay is seen Carrickfergus, with its picturesque situation and strong mediæval castle. Bangor, too, had its ancient stronghold, as the noble ruins thereof clearly testify. Of its far-famed monastery, however, nothing but memory and history remain. "The parish church occupies the site"—that is, dear reader, the Church of the followers of the eighth Henry and his daughter, Elizabeth. Bangor was called "the Valley of the Angels," at the time when its great monastery flourished. The founder and first Abbot of this illustrious institution was St. Comgall, who lived between 516 and 601, was the contemporary of St. Columbkill, and "has justly been considered among the fathers of the Irish Church."

Bangor Abbey, one of the most distinguished in ancient Ireland, was founded in 559, according to some historians; but Alban Butler places its foundation in 550. The high reputation for sanctity and learning of its Abbot attracted students from Erin, Alba, Britain, and the Continent. Its situation, at once convenient,

picturesque, and salubrious, was an additional attraction. This was the age when, according to Camden and others, Ireland was the mart of sacred and secular learning, to which the English Saxons flocked in large numbers. Of Sulgenus, in the 8th century, it is written :—

> With love of learning and example fired,
> To Ireland, famed for wisdom, he retired.

In 674, Marianus Scotus, quoted by Alban Butler, makes this remark in his Chronicle :—"Ireland was filled with saints or holy men." Among these, and a disciple of St. Comgall at Bangor,[1] St. Columbanus finds an honoured place. One of the noblest sons of France, the great St. Bernard, refers to Bangor in the following terms : "Its disciples not only filled Ireland and Scotia, but swarms of its saints spread themselves through foreign countries, among the number of whom was St. Columbanus, who went to France, where he founded the monastery of Luxen." These are the words of a holy man, whose name and authority all revere, and they afford a light whereby we can read the character of the institution which, for long centuries, adorned "the Valley of Angels."

The birth of St. Columbanus is assigned to various years, ranging between 539 and 546. That he was born within this limit may be regarded as certain, and the balance of proof points to the year 539. Leinster was his native province, and he sprang from an illustrious family. His first tutor was the great St. Senile, Abbot of Cluain-inis in Lough Erne, one of the broad and romantic expansions of the Shannon. The sequestered and delightful situation of this monastic school exercised a healthy influence on the gifted mind of the youthful Columbanus ; it helped to develop his love of contemplation and study. So remarkable was his progress in sacred studies, that he composed some tracts and wrote

[1] In 818 Bangor was destroyed by the Danes. At that time it numbered 3,000 monks, of whom 900 with the Abbot were martyred by those fierce pagans. It was rebuilt by St. Malachy, Archbishop of Armagh, who died in 1148.

an exposition of the Psalms while yet in his youth. The venerable Abbot of Lough Erne, once the disciple of St. Finnian of Clonard, was well qualified to have the moulding of a mind endowed with talents of the highest order; for St. Senile was remarkable for a high degree of sanctity and extensive knowledge of the Sacred Scriptures. The classics, too, of Greece and Rome, and the usual course of science, St. Columbanus studied under this venerable master and servant of God. He left Lough Erne in early manhood, and returned to the home of his parents, who sought to divert his mind from the religious to the secular state. But Columbanus, though young, had already formed the cherished design of embracing the monastic life. A mind like his, imbued with the love of holy solitude and of a strong intellectual grasp, was not likely to yield under any pressure. Against his mother's earnest wish, and rejecting brightest prospects, he fled his native province and directed his steps to St. Comgall at Bangor. His vocation was from God, and he must needs obey God rather than father or mother. Bangor received with joy a young man so distinguished for high attainments in virtue and knowledge; and Columbanus was fortunate in having for his master, during many years, the wise, holy, and learned St. Comgall. Here he made his religious profession and received Holy Orders; and here, too, he cheerfully engaged in the religious exercises, the labours and studies, of that great institution, from which "Alfred selected professors, when he founded the university of Oxford." [1]

Manual labour formed, by rule, part of the occupation of the monks of Bangor, as indeed was the case in all the abbeys of the island; but manual labour, whether in the field or in the workshop, was not permitted to interrupt the rule of constant contemplation. While the body was engaged in useful industry, the mind was employed in communing with God; and in this manner did St. Columbanus, one of the brightest luminaries of the Irish Church, spend at Bangor a large portion of his useful

[1] *Chambers' Encyclopædia*, vol. i.

and edifying life. To him, as to all the servants of God, "blissful solitude" was very dear—

> Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
> Uninterrupted joy, unrivalled love,
> In blissful solitude.

About his fiftieth year, St. Columbanus conceived an invincible desire of following in the wake of other Irish missionaries, who went to evangelize various countries abroad. This longing he regarded as the will of Heaven. His age, wisdom, solid piety, and extensive learning rendered him a most valuable assistant to his venerable master, St. Comgall. Master and disciple were among the great men of that age, so fertile of greatness in the Isle of Saints. They were attached to one another with all the earnestness of saintly and noble minds. Long years of holy friendship had cemented between them a union such as the angels love to contemplate. So we find that St. Columbanus cheerfully obeyed the voice that called him away from his beloved monastery and native soil; and that St. Comgall not only acquiesced in his wish, but even selected twelve companions, who should accompany him on his mission of mercy to nations either wholly pagan, or only partially Christian. Some twenty-six years before this, St. Columbkill set out with an equal number of disciples for the conversion of Caledonia. The fascination which this number had for missionary chiefs going forth from ancient Ireland, arose from the fact that our Lord had chosen twelve disciples to propagate the Gospel. Chief among the disciples of St. Columbanus were St. Gall, St. Dichuil, latinized Deicola, St. Columbanus the younger, St. Cummin, and St. Kilian. It appears certain that this missionary band visited Britain first, and that they established there the rule of St. Comgall, though their sojourn in that country was brief. Their arrival among the Franks of Gaul is set down to 589 or 590.

Toilsome and perilous was the mission upon which St. Columbanus now embarked; but he possessed zeal, fortitude, and knowledge equal to the enterprise. To

correct abuses of long standing, and to restore discipline among a half-civilized people, is an undertaking as laborious as it is necessary for the well-being of religion. And this, together with the conversion of pagan tribes, was the work which St. Columbanus accomplished. Jonas, Abbot of Bobbio, in the middle of the seventh century, gives a sad account of the state of society and of religion in the Gauls, that is, Burgundy and Austrasia, at the time under consideration. On the dissolution of the Roman Empire, numerous tribes of hardy and cruel barbarians, pagan to boot, came down from the north and the east upon the fair plains of France. Conquest and plunder were their pursuit. In a word, frequent wars, incursions of fierce enemies, and a consequent relaxation of discipline, had all but effaced the virtue of religion. Though faith had survived the rude shock, penance and mortification had become almost unknown. Alzog [1] does not hesitate to say that, "owing to the fury of war and the negligence of the bishops, ecclesiastical discipline had become greatly relaxed, and Christian morality almost unknown." But a great and salutary change is at hand. What Christ said of the house of Zacheus may be applied to Gaul, on the arrival of St. Columbanus and his monks: "This day is salvation come to this house." For several years they traversed the country up and down, preaching the Gospel, exhorting by word and example, and everywhere diffusing the "good odour of Christ." No labour was deemed arduous in the noble work of reformation and conversion, to which all their endeavours were directed. Bearing well in mind the command of our Lord: "So let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father, who is in heaven," they furnished in their own lives bright examples of every Christian virtue. God blessed their work, and vouchsafed them a rich and abundant harvest.

In the kingdom of Burgundy, and amidst the wild forest-clad mountains of the Vosges, there was an old

[1] Vol. ii. p. 75.

Roman castle, now no better than a picturesque ruin. This was the stronghold of Annegray, and, ruined as it was, St. Columbanus was glad to receive it from the king as his first settled residence. Here indeed, there was sweet solitude—

> The shadowy desert, unfrequented wood ;

but there was also a lack of all the necessaries of life, St. Columbanus and his numerous disciples being reduced to the hard necessity of subsisting for nine days on grass and the wild produce of the forest trees. But it is from trials and the Cross that the way leads to the throne, and St. Columbanus was too well versed in the science of the saints not to understand the value of trials. Extreme want would be followed by abundance, and by an increase of the blessings of heaven. Caranticus, Abbot of Salix in the neighbourhood, having heard of the distress at Annegray, sent a supply of provisions, and thus did Providence reward the patience of the sufferers. But another reward of a higher order was bestowed on them. The daily increasing fame of their sanctity brought to Annegray multitudes from all quarters, and the name of God was glorified in cures and conversions.

Owing to the abundant influx of disciples, a more commodious residence became a matter of prime necessity, and Goutran, the king, bestowed on St. Columbanus the strong old fortress of Luxeuil, some eight miles from Annegray. According to Jonas, St. Columbanus was the first who established the monastic order among the French, and Luxeuil became a most celebrated monastery and a great centre of perfection. Its foundation is ascribed to the year 591, and its situation was in the deep solitude of the Vosgean mountains. "Luxeuil was in Franche-Comté, in the diocese of Besançon, at the foot of the mountains of the Vosge towards Lorraine."[1] The rapid increase of disciples very soon rendered a third institution necessary: and

[1] *Ages of Faith*, vol. iii. p. 228.

it was from the highest grades of society that candidates chiefly came. The new monastery was named Ad Fontanes, the Fountains, because of the springs which abounded there. St. Comgall and St. Columbkill had several minor houses subject to them; and so St. Columbanus had precedents to follow when he made Annegray and Fountains subordinate to Luxeuil. The celebrated rule he drew up for the government of his monks was founded on that of St. Comgall of Bangor. The instructions which he gave the monks, sixteen of which are preserved in the Library of the Fathers, Mabillon and others highly extol. The discipline of Luxeuil found almost universal favour in the monastic houses of France, and it was followed by several in Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. At the Council of Macon, in 627, the French Bishops stamped it with their approval, and, after it had done glorious service in the Church for some centuries, it was finally incorporated with the rule of St. Benedict, in the reign of the Emperor Charlemagne. Alban Butler remarks that "the rule of St. Columban was highly esteemed, was observed in many great monasteries, and is still followed jointly with that of St. Benedict. Both excelled as law-givers, and the nations owe them a debt of gratitude."

What those great Fathers of the cloister taught by wise and enlightened rules, which are a "treasury of invaluable precepts," they had themselves practised for long years; "and hence the sound of truth was mighty on their lips." The regeneration of society, shattered and broken like the Roman Empire, was due to the marvellous self-denial and heroic zeal of the children of Benedict and Columbanus. The sombre forest and the barren desert yielded to the persevering toil of the monks of Luxeuil, and became productive. While manual labour subdued the soil, the eloquent preaching of the Word, supported by angelic holiness of life, softened savage manners and created in them a change truly marvellous. In the secluded shades of the cloister, science and literature were cultivated with eminent success; and the treasures of Greece and Rome

were preserved by the persistent multiplication of manuscripts, the loving work of monks. Besides all this, intervals were allotted to the reciting of psalms, anthems, and the canonical hours. Prayer, study, and labour alternated by rule; and of St. Columbanus it is said, that he left his monks a rule of life so admirable as to merit universal eulogium; that he was a man profoundly versed in the science of salvation; and that he was endowed by the Holy Ghost with grace to conduct souls to the highest state of perfection. The Columban Rule was very rigorous in punishing faults, while it allowed but one meal in the day—towards evening—the food being of the roughest and meanest kind. The monks to the letter followed the precepts of St. Columbanus, and what a charm did the fulfilment thereof impart to their sacred characters! In the midst of all their varied duties there was maintained a continual application of the mind to God, and day and night they beheld nothing but our Lord Jesus Christ hanging from the wood.[1]

The mode of computing the Easter time gave rise to a dispute between St. Columbanus and the French bishops. This was the great Paschal question, which regarded discipline only, and touched no dogma of faith. What was the exact time of celebrating Easter became, however, a question that gave rise to many serious difficulties and disturbed the peace of the Church from very early times. The General Council of Nice, held in 325, decreed that Easter should be celebrated on the first Sunday after the full moon of the vernal equinox, *i.e.*, after the spring full moon. This rule, which was the famous Jewish cycle of eighty-four years, was the one which St. Patrick introduced from Rome into Ireland, and the early missionaries into Britain. St. Columba and his monks followed it at Iona and throughout Caledonia and the north of England. But this system of computation was found to contain an error, which the Alexandrians were the first to discover. In 444, a difference of nearly a month was found between

[1] "Semper in ore tuo resonent bona verba salutis," was a precept of St. Columbanus. *Ages of Faith*, vol. iii. p. 451.

the days on which Easter was celebrated at Alexandria and at Rome. The Alexandrian system of calculation—that of nineteen years—was the more correct one; and the adoption of this cycle in Rome, through the exertions of the Abbot Denys the Little, secured uniformity in the Eastern and Western Churches on the vexed Paschal question.

The new system of calculating the Easter festival had been introduced into France not many years prior to the arrival of St. Columbanus in the country. In Ireland, however, it was not adopted till the year 633, when the ambassadors, despatched by the Irish Bishops to Rome, reported on their return, that people from all quarters were of one mind on the question, and that all celebrated Easter on the same day as the great centre of Catholicity. The Irish Bishops, in sending a deputation to the Pope, proved their loyalty to the Holy See, and also to the famous canon of St. Patrick, that "if any questions arise in this island (Ireland), they are to be referred to the Apostolic See."[1] The report of the ambassadors as to the practice in Rome placed the question beyond controversy, and the Irish Church accepted the decision of the Successor of the Apostles. But St. Columbanus had departed from Ireland many years prior to this date, and had taken with him to France the custom handed down from St. Patrick and scrupulously observed, both at home and abroad, by all Irish missionaries. The deep veneration he entertained for St. Comgall, St. Columba of Iona, and all the venerable fathers of the Irish race, made him very reluctant to change at the bidding of the French bishops. As no question of faith was involved, and as Rome had not yet enforced the new cycle in Ireland, Columbanus firmly and religiously adhered to the discipline he had brought from the great monastery of Bangor. This occasioned much irritation between him and the French prelates. A tract which he composed on the Paschal question, defining and defend-

[1] "Si quæ quæstiones in hac insula oriantur, ad sedem Apostolicam referantur." Canon S. Patr. Aux. et Isser.

ing his own position, he directed to St. Arigius, the first bishop of Gap—in Latin, Vapincum.

In 602, the bishops held a Synod, and St. Columbanus, writing to them, thanked God they had assembled, and expressed his wish that, according to the Canons, they should do so more frequently. He entreats them to examine dispassionately which is the correct tradition, and refers them for explanation to his letter to the Bishop of Gap and to three different communications addressed by him to Pope St. Gregory the Great. For twelve years he had lived in the wilderness for the love of Jesus Christ, and now that a tempest was raised against him, he would say, in the words of Jonas the prophet: "If I am the cause of this tempest, make it cease by casting me into the sea." Yet he was of opinion that, instead of disturbing poor strangers, they should have afforded them comfort. He begged to be allowed to adhere to the traditions of his elders in Ireland, and disclaimed any idea of disturbing others in their observances. In the first Council of Constance, it was decreed [1] that the Churches outside the Roman Empire are to be administered according to the traditions of their fathers. This decree St. Columbanus claimed in his favour, as Ireland, his native country, had never come under the dominion of Rome. And though he maintained, with warmth and vehemence, the traditional customs of his native land, he declared his entire willingness to comply with whatever instructions should arrive from Rome. Indeed, no heart could be truer to Rome than that of St. Columbanus, as is abundantly manifest from his own words. If St. Columbanus in France, the Irish missionaries in Scotland and the North of England, and the Irish Church at home, were so tenacious of what, after all, was a matter of discipline only, but a discipline originally received from Rome, what would they not have been prepared to do and to suffer for the essentials of religion, for the faith of St. Patrick and of the Apostolic See? The great revolt of the 16th century found them ready to shed their blood and lay

[1] A.D. 314.

down their lives for the faith of Rome. Had the occasion arisen, St. Columbanus and his monks at Luxeuil would have cheerfully sacrificed their lives for the faith of St. Peter and his successors. Relative to the Paschal question, his feelings and motives should have won more respect.

The life of the saints is the continual carrying of the Cross. "If any man will follow Me, let him deny himself, and take up his Cross, and follow Me."[1] So spoke our Divine Lord, the master of the school of tribulation, "who, though exempt from sin Himself, was not exempt from suffering."[2] The disciple must not seek to be above his master; and as it is with gold refined in a furnace, so with the soul purified by suffering: each comes forth improved in lustre and in value. St. Columbanus was tried in the school of tribulation. We refer to the persecution he suffered from Thierry, King of Burgundy, and his grandmother, the impious Brunchilde. St. John the Baptist lost his liberty and life for reproving the vices of Herod's court. St. Columbanus was banished from Luxeuil for raising his voice against the corruptions of the Burgundian court. The Baptist's worst enemy was the wicked Herodias: the Abbot of Luxeuil experienced the greatest hostility from the ambitious and designing Brunehilde. Fearing to lose power, if the young Thierry engaged in lawful wedlock, the haughty Queen Dowager dissuaded him from marriage and encouraged him to lead a vicious course of life. St. Columbanus remonstrated with the King by letter and by personal interview. The deep and heartfelt interest he took in the monarch's salvation, influenced him powerfully, and would have effected in him a thorough and permanent conversion, had not Brunehilde's relentless hostility and dark intrigues interposed to frustrate the Abbot's charitable endeavours. Filled with holy zeal and fearless of consequences, he inveighed against the scandals in high places; and the hostility of the Court, increasing by lapse of time, culminated in his

[1] St. Mark viii. 34. [2] St. Augustine.

banishment from the Vosges. "In the world you shall have distress; but have confidence, I have overcome the world."[1] Inspired by the divine example and promise, St. Columbanus wavered not in his character of apostle and reformer. Hence the persecution. "What fellowship has light with darkness?" Later on we shall see how it fared with the man of God, and how with his enemies.

In 610, St. Columbanus was forcibly expelled from his beloved monastery. The monarch himself attempted the ignominious task. The energy of the Abbot's reproving words inspired him with fear and horror. When attempting to invade the enclosure, he was met and driven back by those terrible words of the Saint: "If thou, sire, art come hither to violate the discipline already established, or to destroy the dwellings of the servants of God, know that in heaven there is a just and avenging power; thy kingdom shall be taken from thee, and both thou and thy royal race shall be cut off and destroyed on the earth." It happened to Thierry and his race according to the Abbot's prophetic words. Courage failed the guilty king and he desisted; but satellites were not wanting to execute his will. Brunchilde, thirsting for vengeance, succeeded in bringing matters to this crisis. And the stormy scene she excited did not abate until St. Columbanus was banished first to Besançon, and then to Nantes on the western coast, whence it was intended to send him a prisoner to Ireland. His Irish monks were permitted to share in his banishment. Grief filled the hearts and tears the eyes of the other monks who were forced to remain behind. The scene was very touching; but St. Columbanus, as far as sympathetic words could effect, relieved the distress of his disciples. "God will be to you a father, and will reward you with mansions where the workers of sacrilege can never enter."

Long was the way—a *via dolorosa*—from the neighbourhood of the Rhine to the port of Nantes. Raga-

[1] St. John xvi. 33.

mund, the captain of the guard, executed his commission with much severity. When at Auxerre, St. Columbanus uttered these prophetic words to Ragamund, who had spoken disparagingly of Clothaire, King of Soissons, on the north-west of Gaul: "Remember[1] what I tell you. Clotharius, whom you now despise, will be your master in three years." At Nevers on the Loire, when embarking for Nantes, one of the guard struck a holy monk named Dua. Here again St. Columbanus uttered a true prophecy—the unfeeling soldier would be struck by God on the very spot where he had committed the wanton deed. On his return journey, the soldier found there a watery grave. Ragamund refused the citizens of Orleans the consolation of ministering to the servants of God, though provisions had now entirely failed them. But the designs of Providence are not to be frustrated. A Syrian woman, having met two of the monks in quest of supplies, became to them a good Samaritan. She invited them to her hospitable abode, and treated them with kindness and generosity. A stranger herself, but in easy circumstances, her sympathies were with those strangers in distress. "Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy."[2] The miraculous cure of her blind husband, at the prayer of St. Columbanus and his companions, amply rewarded her devotion to the saints. The report of this miracle brought to them large numbers of suffering humanity; and the captain of the guards, willing or not, was obliged to leave the people free in supplying St. Columbanus with the necessaries of life.

At the historic city of Tours, St. Columbanus was refused permission to visit the tomb of St. Martin. By the will of Heaven, however, it happened that the boatmen, unable to row away, were compelled to tarry there over night; and thus an opportunity was afforded the monks of satisfying their pious desires. The good Bishop of Tours, Leuparius by name, extended to them his kind hospitality, and wished them a prosperous voyage. They reached at length the ancient port of

[1] Jonas, cap. 19. [2] St. Matt. v. 7.

Nantes, at the mouth of the Loire. Providence willed this to be the termination of their weary pilgrimage. While some treated them here with coldness and desired to expedite their departure, two pious ladies, Procla and Dola, proved themselves veritable Veronicas. The monks were now embarked out in the harbour, and St. Columbanus was about to rejoin them by sailing down the river in a boat. But lo! a great storm arose: mighty waves rolled in: the ship was driven back ashore and stranded for three days; and the captain, divining the cause, liberated the monks, and was rewarded by the calming of the winds and the waves. St. Columbanus and his monks had yet work to do abroad, and Divine Providence would not permit their enemies to frustrate His purpose.

As the storm abated in the port, as soon as the monks disembarked, so the storm of persecution ceased, the one being a significant prelude to the other. They were prisoners no longer, and the guard offered them no further molestation. Their meekness and patience edified all, and the citizens of Nantes were indignant at the unworthy treatment they had experienced. They were now the victors, and the people rejoiced at being able to render them the services of charity. St. Columbanus, before leaving Nantes, sent written instructions to Attala, whom he had placed over the monks at the Vosges. He was to remain at his post; "but if," the Saint adds, "you see danger, I mean danger of disunion, which may be caused by the Paschal question, you may come to me:" whence it appears that the Easter Computation was still a probable danger to the peace of the community near the Rhine.

The King of Soissons (or Neustria), Clothaire II., received St. Columbanus with joy and affection. He would have him and his monks establish themselves in his dominions, but this did not seem good to the Saint, whose face was set to other regions more in need of his apostolic labours. But St. Columbanus rendered Clothaire a service of much importance. By his advice, the King abstained from taking part in the dispute which, at

this juncture, disturbed the peace between the brothers Thierry and Theodebert, respecting the boundaries of their kingdoms; and he foretold, as afterwards fell out, that in three years Clothaire would be monarch of the whole of France. The King lent him an escort on his way through Paris and Meux to the dominions of Theodebert. At Paris he cured a man possessed by an evil spirit; and at Meux a generous nobleman, Chameric, took him under his own protection. St. Columbanus gave the nobleman's family his benediction, and devoted to God his youthful daughter, Brugundofora, who afterwards shone as a model of virtue. Though he drank of the cup of bitterness from the Rhine to the sea, his return journey was all a triumph, God vouchsafing to magnify His servant by many striking miracles.

After many vicissitudes of travel, St. Columbanus and his companions arrived in the kingdom of Theodebert. This monarch, always well-disposed, treated them with the utmost courtesy and hospitality. Several of the monks of Luxeuil had now rejoined their dear Abbot, and their arrival cheered his heart. Theodebert offered sites for new monasteries, held out various inducements to the servant of God to fix their abode in his realm. The Bishop of Metz was equally desirous for them to stay, and gave many proofs of his affections for the monks. But the Bishop failed to detain him at Metz, and as he was left free to make his own selection, he directed his steps to the lake region of South Germany, which was a portion of the dominions of Theodebert. Alzog [1] summarises his journey up the Rhine in the following passage: "He ascended the Rhine from a point below Mayence, till he reached the lake of Zurich, made a short stay at Theergau and Arbou, and finally established himself at Bregenz, on the lake of Constance. His chief assistant in these missionary labours was another Irishman by the name of Gall, as daring and resolute as Columbanus himself, well educated and eloquent, and able to preach in the German as well as in the Latin language." The

[1] Vol. ii. p. 76.

people at Lake Zurich, rude and impious pagans, raised a violent storm of persecution against the monks, and St. Columbanus, seeing that no good could be effected, departed from them. They had conspired to murder St. Gall, whose zeal promoted him to burn down their pagan temples and cast the offerings of idols into the lake. St. Columbanus was to be scourged and banished. The monks, having got notice of hostilities, escaped the hands of the infidels. At Arbon, Willimara, "a worthy priest," cheered them by his hospitality, and procured a boat and trusty rowers to convey them across the lake of Constance, to the pleasant valley where stood the old Roman town of Brigantium, now Bregenz, a frontier town of Austria on the lake. The situation was very picturesque at the mouth of the river Bregenz, where it enters the lake between the Swiss and Bavarian territories.

St. Columbanus reaped an abundant harvest on the shores of the beautiful lake of Constance. The people, that is, the ancient Suevi, were little better than those at Zurich, who sought the lives of the monks; but the courage and address of our Saint disarmed opposition and won them to the Church. At Bregenz, he found an oratory dedicated to St. Aurelia, and also a temple now in the hands of the pagans, but originally Christian. On the walls of this temple were brass images, to which the people, some utter pagans and others lapsed Christians, used to point, saying: "These are our ancient gods and protectors." St. Gall preached with such fiery zeal that they allowed him to break their idols and cast them into the deep lake. Most of them were thoroughly converted. St. Columbanus purified the temple with prayer and holy water, anointed the altar, and, having deposited there the relics of St. Aurelia, celebrated Mass, to the great joy of the new converts. The solemn dedication of this church was an event of great importance, marking a new era of religious life at the lake of Constance. A miracle helped to win the hearts of the people and to bring about most happy results. Wodan was the false god of the Suevi, and to Wodan they were about to make an offering of beer, when St. Columbanus,

breathing on the vessel, caused it to be smashed in pieces and the contents to be scattered on the ground. The thirsty god had to do without his beer that day and ever after. "The barbarians were surprised and said he had a strong breath."[1]

The new monastic institution at Bregenz continued to flourish and grow in usefulness under the rule and guidance of St. Columbanus. Here the Saint would have gladly remained, had not an untoward event decided otherwise. In 612, his friend and benefactor, Theodebert, having suffered defeat first at Toul and next at Tolbiac, was made prisoner at Cologne by his brother Thierry; and at the instigation of the vindictive Brunchilde, her grandson was cruelly put to death. The kingdom of Austrasia, which was Theodebert's, having fallen thus into the hands of Thierry, St. Columbanus resolved to seek safety in flight.

The relentless enemies who banished him and his Irish monks from the sweet solitude of the Vosges, would not fail to banish them from their new abode at Constance also, and from whatever place St. Columbanus might select in their dominions. Old as he now was, and greatly enfeebled in health, he resolved to cross the Alps and extend the sphere of his usefulness to the classic land of Italy. It so happened that St. Gall, his most zealous assistant, was unable to accompany his beloved master owing to a violent fever. Divine Providence had other work for St. Gall amidst the mountains of Switzerland. St. Columbanus saw in this malady an indication of the will of God in his regard, and accordingly he offered no opposition to his remaining behind. The city of St. Gall and a province of the same name, commemorate to this day the labours and the virtues of that great man, who founded the illustrious monastery of St. Gall, and did so much for the propagation of the faith.

In 612, St. Columbanus crossed the Alps and reached the historic city of Milan, the capital of Lombardy. At

[1] Butler, *Life of St. Columbanus.*

that time, Agilulf and his virtuous Queen, Theodelinda by name, held their Court at Milan. Devoted children of the Church, the King and Queen rejoiced at the arrival of St. Columbanus and his monks ; and the good King of the Lombards offered St. Columbanus his choice of sites to found a Monastery. It was the monarch's pleasure that the servants of God should settle wherever they deemed fit. The abbot Jonas, biographer of our Saint, mentions that while at Milan, he confuted the Arians in a very learned tract, which is not extant. From Milan also he wrote his celebrated letter to Pope Boniface IV., and this he did at the urgent request of King Agilulf, who hoped that the Pope might take such action as would confound the heretics of his kingdom, and restore to the Church the peace which they had violently disturbed. An extract from the letter in question will show how strongly St. Columbanus felt and wrote on the doctrine of Papal Supremacy, and that the faith of the Irish people, and the opening of the seventh century, was the same as that of their posterity at the close of the nineteenth. It runs as follows : " For we, Irish, are disciples of St. Peter and St. Paul, and of all the divinely-inspired canonical writers, adhering constantly to the evangelical and apostolical doctrine. Among us neither Jew, heretic, nor schismatic can be found ; but the Catholic faith, entire and unshaken, precisely as we have received it from you, who are the successors of the Apostles. For, as I have already said, we are attached to the Chair of St. Peter ; and although Rome is great and renowned, yet with us it is great and distinguished only on account of that apostolic chair. Through the two Apostles of Jesus Christ, ye are almost celestial, and Rome is the head of the Churches of the world." Splendid testimony of the faith of our ancestors and of their unshaken fidelity to the See of Peter, from which St. Patrick derived his authority and came to our shores with the benediction of a holy Pope !

In other parts of the famous document referred to, St. Columbanus designates the Popes " their Lords and

Fathers in Christ;" and "the first Pastors set higher than all mortals;" and again, "the most beautiful Heads of all the Churches of the whole of Europe." He is profuse in the titles and encomiums he bestows on the Apostolic See and its occupants. The Popes are "the Princes of the Leaders;" "the Steersmen and the Pilots of the Spiritual Vessel;" and "no one is to discuss with Rome." "The Pontiffs give the bread of doctrine to those who seek it;" and "the Irish are bound to the Chair of Peter." Elsewhere he tells why Rome is great among the Irish: it is "through this Chair." The Irish "are the servants, scholars, and children of the Popes." "The principal seat of orthodoxy and the head of the Churches of all the world," behold what he calls Rome. These and many other vigorous expressions St. Columbanus employs to show the faith of the Irish in the Papal Supremacy, and with a view to rouse the Pope to greater zeal against the heretics and schismatics. Because the Vicar of Christ was higher than all mortals, he should raise his voice like a trumpet, in order to protect the flock and confound the enemies of the Church. "You are the Prince of the Leaders, and have to endure the perils of the whole of the Lord's army—therefore I strive to stir thee up." Here we have a monk coming forward as the adviser of the head of the Church, and urging him to action. St. Bernard and St. Peter Damian in later periods, and Cardinal Miccara, acted similarly, respecting the Popes of their times. Men of wisdom and holiness of life have used strong but respectful language to the Holy See, when occasion required. So with St. Columbanus, whose heart was ever in Rome and in the interests of holy faith. The heretics and schismatics of that day he would have quickly condemned; and the pretended union they affected with Rome he repelled with all his orthodox soul. "Let the cause of schism be immediately cut off with the sword of St. Peter, that is, by a true confession of the faith in a synod, and the detestation and anathematisation of all heretics." The great and high-souled Abbot is fired to indignation because the heretics had aspersed the

character of Boniface, and therefore he urges him to have them condemned in a Synod, and thereby to prove that their heresy precludes the possibility of union with Rome. "The Roman Church," he writes, "admits to its communion none who impugn the Catholic faith;" words as true to-day as when they came from the heart and the pen of St. Columbanus—words whose import all non-Catholics would do well to study.

At the time when St. Columbanus came to Lombardy, the North of Italy was in a state of great agitation relative to the affair of the "Three Chapters" or writings condemned in the East. The famous Three Chapters were publications which favoured the heresy of the Nestorians, who sought to undermine the belief in the mystery of the Incarnation; and were the productions of three Oriental bishops, Theodoret of Cyrus, Ibas of Edessa, and Theodore of Mopsuestia. At the General Council of Chalcedon, celebrated in 451, the authors of these mischievous writings retracted their errors, by making a profession of Catholic faith. Later on, Pope Vigilius, in hope of promoting peace, condemned the Three Chapters himself, with this reservation: "In accordance with the authority of the Council of Chalcedon." But this did not restore peace, and another General Council, that of Constantinople, convened in 550, opened the whole question afresh and condemned the Three Chapters. Though the action of this Council established comparative tranquillity in the East, there still prevailed considerable commotion in Africa and Italy. The want of more frequent communication with the East and ignorance of its language caused the question to be misunderstood in Italy. Alban Butler, in his life of St. Columbanus, remarks that "Pope Gregory the Great tolerated the conduct of those in the West, chiefly in Lombardy, who, upon mistakes concerning facts which passed in the East, defended the Three Chapters, but did not on that account break off communion, till they could be better informed, as their faith was in all respects orthodox." St. Columbanus deeply felt the unsatisfactory position of affairs, and hence his letter to Pope Boniface IV., a document

in which "the author expresses great zeal for the honour of the Roman See, and professes himself inviolably attached to it." The Saint may be taken as a type of the race from which he sprang; for, "the Irish, though far removed from other nations, excelled all their neighbours by the fervour of their faith."[1] Their attachment to the Holy See, then, as ever since, corresponded with "the fervour of their faith."

In 610, St. Columbanus foretold that Thierry and his race would "be cut off and destroyed on the earth;" and he also predicted that, in three years, Clothaire, king of the small territory of Soissons, would become monarch of all France. Let us see how these two predictions were verified. In 612, by the defeat and assassination of his brother Theodebert, Thierry became ruler of the whole nation, except Soissons. That portion, too, he coveted; but in 613 he died at Metz, when on the point of waging war with Clothaire, who, thereupon became sovereign of the whole French monarchy. As for the illegitimate offspring of Thierry, some were put to death, while others fled, no more to appear on the scene of political action. As for the old sinner, Brunchilde or Brunhant, the cause of many wars and misfortunes to France, she was found guilty of putting to death several Kings, besides the saintly Desiderius, Bishop of Vienna, because he had reproved her public scandals; and according to Alban Butler,[2] "she was put to the rack for three days, and afterwards dragged to death, being tied to the tail of a wild mare."

Now firmly established on the French throne, and seeing the prophecies literally fulfilled, Clothaire became most anxious for the return of St. Columbanus. Eustasius, Abbot of Luxeuil, was dispatched as ambassador to invite the man of God to the Court. This was in 614. The Saint excused himself on the plea of age and infirmities, but sent messages of wisdom to the King, and instructions for the government of the institutions he had founded on French soil. Never had he coveted worldly honours;

[1] Jonas, *Monk of Bobbio*. [2] Butler, vol. v., *Life of St. Germanus*.

much less had they any charms for him now. "St. Columbanus from Ireland sung the shame and folly of avarice."[1] Of him might it well be said:

> Full of zeal and faith, esteemed light
> All worldly honour, empire, treasure, might.

At Bobbio it was that Eustasius delivered the royal message to St. Columbanus. Bovium, or Bobbio, a site at once romantic and retired, lies in a deep gorge of the Apennines, between Genoa and Milan, but nearer to the former city. Agilulf, the Lombard King, bestowed on him this picturesque site as his choice, and here, on the banks of the rapid Trebia, he founded, in 613, one of the most celebrated monasteries of Christendom. An old church, dedicated to St. Peter, and sadly in need of repairs, he found in the wild but beautiful gorge. This he caused to be renovated, and by its side he laid the foundation of the great Abbey. Bobbio has to-day a Cathedral Church and episcopal palace, and a population of about 4,000 souls. But St. Columbanus, sighing for complete solitude, built himself a little oratory, apart from the Church, and in the cavern of a large rock. This became to him a kind of Bethlehem, and he dedicated it to the Blessed Virgin. In this secluded dwelling he spent the residue of his days in the practice of prayer and mortification, and close communion with his God. Remembering that "man shall go into the house of his eternity," he shut himself in from the world and found in his sweet grotto that deep repose which he loved so well, and in which he employed all his time in preparing his soul to meet the great Judge. Others he had served during many long years, and now he felt the force of the great truth—

> What to thee is other's good,
> If thou neglect thy own?[2]

And so, in his lonely grotto, he resolved

> To finish the short pilgrimage of life,
> Still speeding to its close on restless wing.

[1] *Ages of Faith*, vol. i. p. 244. [2] Dante, Purg. x. and xx.

In this beloved retirement he closed a most eventful and brilliant career on the 21st of November, A.D. 615, about three years after he had left Bregentz on the lake of Constance. His sacred remains found an honoured resting place at Bobbio, where, with some of his companions, he lies buried in the crypt of the Cathedral. Jonas mentions that many miracles were performed at his tomb, and Jonas, first and chief among his biographers, published his life in 650.

The town of San Columbano, in Northern Italy, derives its name from our Saint, and he is honoured in many churches in France, Italy, and other countries. St. Columbanus was chief among the long roll of Irish saints and missionaries, who in the French, German, and Helvetian nations converted various tribes, founded numerous churches and monasteries, subdued wild forest and desert places to the use of man, and gave an impetus to religion, science, and civilization. "The breviary of the French Benedictines styles him one of the chief patriarchs of the monastic institute, especially in France, where many of the principal monasteries followed his rule, till, in the reign of Charlemagne, for the sake of uniformity, they all received that of St. Benedict."[1] How impressive is the beautiful story of his grand life! how serene the death of so great a servant of God! and how glorious a reward awaited him in Paradise! Trials, contradictions, and persecutions he endured in life; but "the God of all consolation," in Whose service he persevered to the end, enabled him to convert tribulations into blessings. Internal joy accompanies the patient endurance of afflictions, and Providence has ordained that those who suffer with Christ here shall reign with Him hereafter. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy," (Ps. cxxv. 5).

St. Columbanus was the author of various tracts and poems of a high degree of merit. He was endowed with a genius unusually rich, and he had stored his capacious mind with every branch of learning, sacred

[1] Butler, *Life of St. Columbanus.*

and secular. His writings manifest an intimate acquaintance with the Scriptures and the early Fathers, with the classical learning of Rome and Greece. His knowledge was acquired ere his departure from Ireland, and chiefly in the great school of Bangor, under his beloved master, St. Comgall. He went out in middle age, ripe in years and wisdom and elegant acquirements, to begin a life of wonderful activity and usefulness. Cave and Dupin, quoted by Ledwick,[1] speak of St. Columbanus as of primitive simplicity and ancient virtue . . . Dupin, who carefully examined, and with ability epitomized his works, declares they are written with wisdom and eloquence, and with a profound knowledge of ecclesiastical history: they are judicious, witty, and learned.

The holy and austere life of St. Columbanus; the miracles he performed; the prophecies he uttered; his writings, remarkable for breadth and holiness of thought; his famous Rule, which is full of wisdom and spiritual instruction; and his great school declared to be the first monastic establishment in the Gauls,—all tended powerfully to influence many parts of the Continent, and especially France. The zeal and courage wherewith he reproved vice, even in high places, was characteristic of a true reformer of morals, of a brave champion of Christianity. Persecution he suffered from a depraved Court, banishment, too, from his dear monasteries amid the Vosges;—persecution from the barbarous tribes of Helvetia. What more natural for a faithful and intrepid follower of a crucified Master? "If they have persecuted Me, they will persecute you," says the great Master of the school of affliction. But our Divine Lord, Who overcame the world, encourages His servants to "have confidence," and their "distress," after "a little while," shall be changed into everlasting joy.

[1] Ledwick's *Antiquities of Ireland*, p. 354.

Lectures

ON THE

PRESENT POSITION OF CATHOLICS IN ENGLAND:

Addressed to the Brothers of the Birmingham Oratory in 1851

BY

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D.

VI. Prejudice the Life of the Protestant View.

In attributing the extreme aversion and contempt in which we Catholics are held by this great Protestant country, to the influence of falsehood and misrepresentation, energetic in its operation and unbounded in its extent, I believe in my heart I have referred it to a cause, which will be acknowledged to be both real and necessary by the majority of thoughtful and honest minds, Catholics or not, who set themselves to examine the state of the case. Take an educated man, who has seen the world, and interested himself in the religious bodies, disputes, and events of the day, let him be ever so ill-disposed towards the Catholic Church, yet I think, if he will but throw his mind upon the subject, and then candidly speak out, he will confess that the arguments which lead him to his present state of feeling about her, whatever they are, would not be sufficient for the multitude of men. The multitude, if it is to be arrested and moved, requires altogether a different polemic from that which is at the command of the man of letters, of thought, of feeling, and of honour. His proofs against Catholicism, though he considers them sufficient himself, and considers that they ought to be sufficient for the multitude, have a sobriety, a delicacy, an exactness, a nice adjustment of parts, a width and breadth, a philosophical cumulative-

ness, an indirectness and circuitousness, which will be lost on the generality of men. The problem is, how to make an impression on those who have never learned to exercise their minds, to compare thought with thought, to analyse an argument, or to balance probabilities. Catholicism appeals to the imagination, as a great fact, wherever she comes; she strikes it; Protestants must find some idea equally vivid as the Church, something fascinating, something capable of possessing, engrossing, and overwhelming, if they are to battle with her hopefully: their cause is lost, unless they can do this. It was then a thought of genius, and, as I think, preternatural genius, to pitch upon the expedient which has been used against the Church from Christ's age down to our own; to call her, as in the first century, Beelzebub, so in the sixteenth, Anti-Christ; it was a bold, politic, and successful move. It startled men who heard; and whereas Anti-Christ, by the very notion of his character, will counterfeit Christ, he will therefore be, so far, necessarily like Him; and if Anti-Christ is like Christ, then Christ, I suppose, must be like Anti-Christ; thus there was, even at first starting, a felicitous plausibility about the very charge, which went far towards securing belief, while it commanded attention.

This, however, though much, was not enough; the charge that Christ is Anti-Christ must not only be made, but must be sustained; and sustained it could not possibly be, in the vastness and enormity of its idea, as I have described it, by means of truth. Falsehood then has ever been the indispensable condition of the impeachment which Protestants have made; and the impeachment they make is the indispensable weapon wherewith to encounter the antagonist whom they combat. Thus you see that calumny and obloquy of every kind is, from the nature of the case, the portion of the Church, while she has enemies, that is, in other words, while she is militant,—her portion, that is, if she is to be argued with at all; and argued with she must be, because man, from his very moral constitution, cannot content himself, in his warfare of whatever kind, with the mere use of brute force. The lion rends his prey, and gives no reason for doing so; but man cannot persecute

without assigning to himself a reason for his act: he must settle it with his conscience; he must have sufficient reasons, and if good reasons are not forthcoming, there is no help for it; he must put up with bad. How to conflict with the moral influence of the Church, being taken as the problem to be solved, nothing is left for him but to misstate and defame; there is no alternative. Tame facts, elaborate inductions, subtle presumptions, will not avail with the many; something which will cut a dash, something gaudy and staring, something inflammatory, is the rhetoric in request; he must make up his mind then to resign the populace to the action of the Catholic Church, or he must slander her to her greater confusion. This, I maintain, *is* the case; this, I consider, *must* be the case;— bad logic, false facts; and I really do think that candid men, of whatever persuasion, though they will not express themselves exactly in the words I have used, will agree with me in substance; will allow, that, putting aside the question whether Protestantism can be supported by any other method than controversy, for instance, by simple establishment, or by depriving Catholics of education, or by any other violent expedient, still, if popular controversy *is* to be used, then fable, not truth, calumny, not justice, will be its staple. Strip it of its fallacies and its fiction, and where are you? It is no accident then that we are the victims of slander.

So much in corroboration of what I have said in former Lectures; but I have not yet stated the full influence in the controversy, or (as it may be called) the full virtue, of this system of misrepresentation. The question may have occurred to you, my Brothers, as a philosophical difficulty, how it is that able, cultivated, enlarged minds should not only be the organs of the grossest slanders about us, but should refuse to retract them, when they have been absolutely silenced and exposed. The very courtesy of civilized life demands from them a retraction; it is the rule among gentlemen that, even when an accuser adheres in his heart to what he has advanced against another, yet on that other's denying it, he accepts the denial and withdraws his words. It is otherwise in the contest with Catholics; when we deny what is charged

against our character or conduct, and deny it with irresistible arguments, we not only have reason to desiderate that outward consideration which the laws of society enforce, but probably are bluntly told that we lie, and there we are left, and the matter too. Doubtless this phenomenon is traceable in part to that characteristic of the human kind, noticed by philosophers, to crouch to what is in the ascendant, and to insult what is down in the world; but it partly arises from a cause to which I have not yet referred, and which I mean to make the subject of this Lecture. This cause is so obvious, that you may wonder I am so circuitous in introducing it, and why I have not treated of it before; but it properly comes in this place. I allude to the power of *Prejudice*, which is to be reckoned a principal reason why our most triumphant refutations of the facts and arguments urged against us by our enemies avail us so little; for, in reality, those facts and arguments have already done their work, before their demolition arrives and in spite of their subsequent demolition, by impressing the minds of the persons who have heard and have used them with a *prejudice* against us.

1.

Now, first I must explain what Prejudice is, and how it is produced, before I go on to consider its operation. Prejudice, you know, means properly a prejudgment, or judgment by anticipation; a judgment which is formed prior to the particular question submitted to us, yet is made to bear upon it. Thus, if a man is accused of theft, and I already believe him to be an habitual thief, I am naturally led to think that this particular charge is well-found, before going into the evidence which is actually adducible for it. In this way, previous good or bad name has so much to do with the decisions in courts of justice; slight evidence will be enough to convict a reputed thief; on the other hand, a person under accusation, in order to repel it, brings witnesses to his character. When we have this previous knowledge of persons, we say,—when their actions or they themselves come under consideration,

—on the one hand, that we cannot help being "prejudiced" *against* one, and on the other, "prejudiced" or "prepossessed" *in favour* of another. Now there is nothing unfair in all this; what is past naturally bears on the future; from what has been, we conjecture what will be; it is reasonable and rational to do so; and hence, persons who have all their lives long heard nothing but what is bad of Catholics, naturally and fairly entertain a bad opinion of them; and when a new charge is made against them, are disposed to credit it without stopping to consider the evidence And it matters not, whether the previous judgment, which influences their belief, be a judgment of their own forming, or be inherited; let it be the tradition of their country; still there is nothing strange, there is nothing wrong, in their being influenced by it.

But then observe this;—after all, a previous judgment, conclusion, or belief such as this, in which consists their *prejudice*, is but vague and general; it is not more than an opinion or inference, of greater or less strength as the case may be, and varying with the trustworthiness of the reasons or testimony which has created it. It cannot reasonably, and must not, be taken as infallible;—did the persons in question so simply rest upon it, that they would not hear what could be said on the other side, as if they were quite sure nothing could be said to the purpose, they would cease to act rationally, they would be simply obstinate. And this is Prejudice in its bad and culpable sense, the sense in which the word is commonly used, and in which I am using it here, and am imputing it to Protestants. I accuse them of making too much of the Tradition which has come down to them; they not only take it at first sight as true, and act upon it as true (a proceeding against which nothing can fairly be said), but they put such implicit confidence in it, that they cannot bring themselves to hear what can be said on the other side. They make the Tradition practically infallible, as if it had settled the view they are to take of the subject of it, once for all and for ever.

How can any one, you will say, act so absurdly, who

has any pretensions to good sense and good feeling? yet it may happen in a measure to any one of us, and in the following way. Now I hope I shall not be taxing your attention, my Brothers, more than I have a right to do on an occasion such as this, in what I am going to say in explanation. Prejudice then is something more than an act of judgment; it is not a mere act, it is a habit or state of mind. I must refer to a peculiarity, not of the English character, but of our mental constitution generally. When, then, we hear a thing said again and again, it makes what may be called an impression upon us. We not only hold it in our mind as an opinion or belief, as separate from us, as depending on the information or grounds on which we have received it, and as admitting of being thrown off the next minute at our will, should we have reasons for discarding it, but it has acted upon our mind itself, it has sunk into it, it has impressed it. No longer at our disposal as before, to keep or throw away, it becomes one of our habitual and invariable modes of judging and believing, something like the ideas we have of good and evil, and of religious duty. The idea, for instance, that justice is a virtue, or that there is a Divine Providence, is imprinted in our minds; it is congenial to our nature, and it is true, and that, because it is found in all times and places, with exceptions too rare or inconsiderable to be worth noticing. Such an idea I say, is true; still there may also be impressions, similar in permanence, which yet are false and are uncongenial to our nature, and they are characterised, first, in *not* being common to all; next, in *not* being found in the mind from the first (if I may so speak), in *not* coming thither no one knows how, that is, from heaven itself, but formed in us by the accidental occurrence of things which we have seen or heard, and another has not. These impressions are commonly created in the mind by the repetition of something striking it from without. A fact or argument is not stronger in its own nature by being repeated; but the effect on any mind, which is passive under the infliction, *is* stronger and stronger every time it is repeated. In this way almost any idea whatever may be impressed on the mind; a man will

begin at length to think himself a fool or a knave, if every one tells him so.

This then is what comes of the perpetual talk against Catholics. It does not become truer because it is incessant; but it continually deepens the impression in the minds of those who hear it, that Catholicism is an imposture. I say, there is no increase of logical cogency; a lie is a lie just as much the tenth time it is told as the first; or rather more, it is ten lies instead of one; but it gains in rhetorical influence. Let it be repeated again and again; it matters not; the utterer has only to go on steadily proclaiming it, and first one and then another, will begin to believe it and at length it will assume the shape of a very respectable fact or opinion, which is held by a considerable number of well-informed persons. This is what is meant by the proverb, "Fling dirt enough and some will stick." And if even one pertinacious slanderer has the prospect of such success in his slander, from this peculiarity of our nature, what must be the effect when vast multitudes of men are incessantly crying out to each other, with unwearied and sleepless energy, fables and fallacies against the Catholic Religion? Why, each is convincing the other, and deepening the hostile impression in his mind with a keenness and precision which it is appalling to contemplate; and thus the meetings and preachings which are ever going on against us on all sides, though they may have no argumentative force whatever, are still immense factories for the creation of prejudice,—an article, by means of these exertions, more carefully elaborated, and more lasting in its texture, than any specimens of hardware, or other material productions, which are the boast of a town such as this is.

Now the peculiarity of these mental impressions is, that they do not depend afterwards upon the facts or reasonings by which they were produced, any more than a blow, when once given, has any continued connection with the stone or the stick which gave it. To burn the stick will not salve the sore: and to demolish the argument, as I have already said, does not obliterate the prejudice. Suppose I have been told that my neighbour is a thief; suppose the idea has rested on my mind, and

I have accustomed myself to it; and suppose I hear what it was that made my informant assert it, and examine into this, and find it to be utterly untrue; why I *may* indeed cast off my feeling against my neighbour at once and altogether, but I *may* have a great difficulty in doing so. The idea may still cling to me, and I may find it impossible, except by degrees, to overcome the associations with which he is connected in my mind, and the repugnance I feel to him; there is something I have to struggle against. And thus, even though a slander be perfectly cleared up, even though it be brought into a court of justice, and formally disconnected from the person who has been the victim of it, he is not what he was. It was a saying of the greatest of the Romans, that "Cæsar's wife should not be suspected." The slander has, as it were, stained the minds of the hearers, and only time, if even time, can wipe it out. This, then, is properly a prejudice,—not an opinion which is at our own disposal, and dependent for its presence or its dismissal on our will, but an impression, which reason indeed can act upon, and the will can subdue, but only by degrees and with trouble. It sank into the mind by the repetition of untrue representations, it must be effaced by an opposite process, by a succession of thoughts and deeds antagonist to it. We must make it up to the injured party by acts of kindness, by friendly services, by good words, by praising him, by the desire and attempt to please and honour him, and thus gradually we shall lose all recollection of our former hard thoughts of him. On the other hand, it is quite possible to shut ourselves up in ourselves; to keep at a distance from him, and to cherish coldness or ill-will; and then, in spite of the calumnies having been triumphantly refuted, and of our nominal acquiescence, we shall be as suspicious or jealous as ever. We shall say that we are not, after all, satisfied; that we cannot, indeed, give our grounds, but that things have a suspicious appearance; and we shall look about diligently for some fresh ground of accusation against him, to justify us in such thoughts and such conduct.

Now you may recollect, Brothers of the Oratory, that,

in speaking of prejudice in its first and most simple sense, as a mere anticipation or previous opinion in disparagement of another, I said there was no harm in it. It is a mere judgment, formed on previous grounds, like any judgment, which the owner puts away at once, as soon as its unsoundness is detected. But prejudice, in its second and ordinary sense, in which I have now for some time been using it—viz., as an impression or stain on the mind, is not at all innocent or excusable, just the reverse. This may surprise you; you may say, How can a man help his impressions? he is passive under them; they come of themselves; he is as little answerable for what is actually stamped upon his mind, as for a wound which is inflicted on his body: but this is very far from the case, as a little consideration will show. The will goes with a prejudice; there is no compulsion or necessity; those who have prejudices are unwilling to give them up; there is no prejudice without the will: we are prejudiced, I say, because we will; and therefore, if we did not will, we should not be prejudiced. I do not say we could get rid of the prejudice in a day by wishing to do so; but we should, in that case, be tending to get rid of it. Scripture speaks of those who "loved darkness rather than the light;" and it is impossible for us to deny, from what we see on all sides, that as regards the Protestant view of Catholics, men love to be left to their own dark thoughts of us; they desire to be able with a good reason and a good conscience to hate us: they do not wish to be disabused, they are loth that so pleasant an error should be torn from them. First, then, I say, that prejudice depends on the will: now, secondly, if it does depend on the will, it is not, cannot be, innocent, because it is directed, not against things, but against persons, against God's rational creatures, against our fellows, towards all of whom we owe the duties of humanity and charity. There is a natural law, binding us to think as well as we can of every one; we ought to be glad when imputations are removed, and scandals cleared up. And this law is observed by every generous mind: such a mind is pained to believe that bad things can be said of others with any plausibility, and will rejoice

to be able to deny them, will hope they are not true, and will give the subject of them the benefit of its doubts. Every hour, then, as it passes, bears with it protests against prejudice, when there is generosity, from the natural striving of the heart the other way. Jealousy, suspicion, dislike, thinking ill, are feelings so painful to the rightly disposed, that there is a constant reclamation going on within them, an uneasiness that they should be obliged to entertain them, and an effort to get rid of them. Nay, there are persons of such kind and tender hearts, that they would believe there is no evil at all in the world, if they could: and it is a relief to them whenever they can knock off, so to say, any part of the score of accusations which the multitude of men bring against each other. On the other hand, to close the ears to an explanation, and to show a desire that the worst may be true,—unless indeed the innocence of the individual who at present lies under a cloud involves the guilt of a vast many others instead, so that one has to strike a balance of crimes,—I say, to resolve that rumours or suspicions, for which no distinct grounds are alleged, shall be true, is simple malevolence, deplorable, shocking, inexcusable.

I do not know how any one can deny the justice of these remarks; but observe what a melancholy comment they form on the treatment which Catholics receive in this Protestant country. Where are the tender hearts, the kind feelings, the upright understandings of our countrymen and countrywomen? where is the generosity of the Briton, of which from one's youth up one has been so proud? where is this love of fair play, and his compassion for the weak, and his indignation at the oppressor, when we are concerned? The most sensible people on the earth, the most sensitive of moral inconsistency, the most ambitious of propriety and good taste, would rather commit themselves in the eyes of the whole world, would rather involve themselves in the most patent incongruities and absurdities, would rather make sport, as they do by their conduct, for their enemies in the four quarters of the earth, than be betrayed into any portion—I will not say of justice, I will not say of humanity and mercy, but of simply reasonableness and common sense, in their

behaviour to the professors of the Catholic Religion; so much so, that to state even drily and accurately what they do daily is to risk being blamed for ridicule and satire, which, if anywhere, would be simply gratuitous and officious in this matter, where truth most assuredly, "when unadorned," is "adorned the most." This risk, as far as I am incurring it myself in these Lectures, I cannot help; I cannot help if, in exposing the prejudice of my countrymen, I incur the imputation of using satire against them; I do not wish to do so; and, observe, that nothing I have said, or shall say, is levelled at the matter or the rites of Protestant worship. I am concerned with Protestants themselves; moreover not with Protestants quiescent and peaceable, but with Protestants malevolent, belligerent, busy, and zealous in an aggression upon our character and conduct. *We* do not treat *them* with suspicion, contempt, and aversion: this is their treatment of *us;* our only vengeance, surely it is not a great one, is to make a careful analysis of that treatment.

2.

The Prejudiced Man, then—for thus I shall personify that narrow, ungenerous spirit which energises and operates so widely and so unweariedly in the Protestant community—the Prejudiced Man takes it for granted, or feels an undoubting persuasion,—not only that he himself is in possession of divine truth, for this is a matter of opinion, and he has a right to his own,—but that we, who differ from him, are universally impostors, tyrants, hypocrites, cowards, and slaves. This is a first principle with him: it is like divine faith in the Catholic, nothing can shake it. If he meets with any story against Catholics, on any or no authority, which does but fall in with this notion of them, he eagerly catches at it. Authority goes for nothing; likelihood, as he considers it, does instead of testimony; what he is now told is just what he expected. Perhaps it is a random report, put into circulation merely because it had a chance of succeeding, or thrown like a straw to the wind; perhaps it is a mere publisher's speculation, who thinks that a

narrative of horrors will pay well for the printing: it matters not, he is perfectly convinced of its truth; he knew all about it beforehand; it is just what he always has said; it is the old tale over again a hundred times. Accordingly he buys it by the thousand, and sends it about with all speed in every direction, to his circle of friends and acquaintance, to the newspapers, to the great speakers at public meetings; he fills the Sunday and week-day schools with it; loads the pedlars' baskets, perhaps introduces it into the family spiritual reading on Sunday evenings, consoled and comforted with the reflection that he has got something fresh and strong and undeniable, in evidence of the utter odiousness of the Catholic Religion.

Next comes an absolute, explicit, total denial or refutation of the precious calumny, whatever it may be, on unimpeachable authority. The Prejudiced Man simply discredits this denial, and puts it aside, not receiving any impression from it at all, or paying it the slightest attention. This, if he can: if he cannot, if it is urged upon him by some friend, or brought up against him by some opponent, he draws himself up, looks sternly at the objector, and then says the very same thing as before, only with a louder voice and more confident manner. He becomes more intensely and enthusiastically positive, by way of making up for the interruption, of braving the confutation, and of showing the world that nothing whatever in the universe will ever make him think one hair-breadth more favourably of Popery than he does think, than he ever has thought, and than his family ever thought before him, since the time of the fine old English gentleman.

If a person ventures to ask the Prejudiced Man what he knows of Catholics personally—what he knows of individuals, of their ways, of their books, or of their worship, he blesses himself that he knows nothing of them at all, and he never will; nay, if they fall in his way, he will take himself out of it; and if unawares he shall ever be pleased with a Catholic without knowing who it is, he wishes by anticipation to retract such feeling of pleasure. About our state of mind, our views of things, our ends and objects, our doctrines, our defence

of them, our judgment on his objections to them, our thoughts about him, he absolutely refuses to be enlightened: and he is as sore if expostulated with on so evident an infirmity of mind, as if it were some painful wound upon him, or local inflammation, which must not be handled ever so tenderly. He shrinks from the infliction.

However, one cannot always make the whole world take one's own way of thinking; so let us suppose the famous story, to which the Prejudiced Man has pledged his veracity, utterly discredited and scattered to the winds by the common consent of mankind:—this only makes him the more violent. For it *ought,* he thinks, to be true, and it is mere special pleading to lay much stress on its not having all the evidence which it might have; for if it be not true, yet half a hundred like stories are. It is only impertinent to ask for evidence, when the fact has so often been established. What is the good of laboriously vindicating St. Eligius, or exposing a leading article in a newspaper, or a speaker at a meeting, or a popular publication, when the thing is notorious; and to deny it is nothing else than a vexatious demand upon his time, and an insult to his common sense. He feels the same sort of indignation which the Philistine champion, Goliath, might have felt when David went out to fight with him, "Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with a staff? and the Philistine cursed him by his gods." And, as the huge giant, had he first been hit, not in the brain, but in the foot or the shoulder, would have yelled, not with pain, but with fury at the insult, and would not have been frightened at all or put upon the defensive, so our Prejudiced Man is but enraged so much the more, and almost put beside himself, by the presumption of those who, with their doubts or their objections, interfere with the great Protestant Tradition about the Catholic Church. To bring proof against us is, he thinks, but a matter of time; and we know in affairs of every-day, how annoyed and impatient we are likely to become, when obstacles are put in our way in any such case. We are angered at delays when they are but accidental, and the issue is

certain: we are not angered, but we are sobered, we become careful and attentive to impediments, when there is a doubt about the issue. The very same difficulties put us on our metal in the one case, and do but irritate us in the other. If, for instance, a person cannot open a door, or get a key into a lock, which he has done a hundred times before, you know how apt he is to shake, and to rattle, and to force it, as if some great insult was offered him by its resistance: you know how surprised a wasp, or other large insect is, that he cannot get through a windowpane; such is the feeling of the Prejudiced Man when we urge our objections—not softened by them at all, but exasperated the more; for what is the use of even inconvertible arguments against a conclusion which he already considers to be infallible?

This, you see, is the reason why the most overwhelming refutations of the calumnies brought against us do us no good at all with the Protestant community. We were tempted, perhaps, to say to ourselves, "What *will* they have to say in answer to this? now at last the falsehood is put down for ever, it will never show its face again?" Vain hope! just the reverse: like Milton's day-star, after sinking into the ocean, it soon "repairs its drooping head,"

> "And tricks its beams, and with new-spangled ore
> Flames in the forehead of the morning sky."

Certainly: for it is rooted in the mind itself; it has no uncertain holding upon things external; it does not depend on the accident of time, or place, or testimony, or sense, or possibility, or fact; it depends on the will alone. Therefore, "unhurt amid the war of elements," it "smiles" at injury, and "defies" defeat; for it is safe and secure, while it has the man's own will on its side. Such is the virtue of prejudice—it is ever reproductive; in vain is Jeffreys exposed; he rises again in Teodore; Teodore is put down; in vain, for future story-tellers and wonder-mongers, as yet unknown to fame, are below the horizon, and will come to view, and will unfold their tale of horror, each in his day, in long succession; for these whispers, and voices, and echoes, and reverberations, are but the

response, and, as it were, the expression of that profound inward persuasion, and that intense illusion, which wraps the soul and steeps the imagination of the Prejudiced Man.

However, we will suppose him in a specially good humour, when you set about undeceiving him on some point on which he misstates the Catholic faith. He is determined to be candour and fairness itself, and to do full justice to your argument. So you begin your explanation;—you assure him he misconceives your doctrines; he has got a wrong view of facts. You appeal to original authorities, and show him how shamefully they have been misquoted; you appeal to history, and prove it has been garbled. Nothing is wanting to your representation; it is triumphant. He is silent for a moment, then he begins with a sentiment. "What clever fellows these Catholics are!" he says, "I defy you to catch them tripping; they have a way out of everything. I thought we had you, but I fairly own I am beaten. This is how the Jesuits get on; always educated, subtle, well up in their books; a Protestant has no chance with them." You see, my Brothers, you have not advanced a step in convincing him.

Such is the Prejudiced Man at best advantage; but commonly under the same circumstances he will be grave and suspicious. "I confess," he will say, "I do *not* like these very complete explanations; they are too like a made-up case. I can easily believe there was exaggeration in the charge; perhaps money was only sometimes taken for the permission to sin, or only before the Reformation, but our friend professes to prove it was never taken: this is proving too much. I always suspect something behind, when everything is so very easy and clear." Or again, "We see before our eyes a tremendous growth of Popery; *how* does it grow? You tell me you are poor, your priests few, your friends without influence; then how does it *grow?* It could not grow without means! it is bad enough if you can assign a cause; it is worse if you cannot. Cause there must be somewhere, for effects imply causes. How did it get into Oxford? tell me that. How has it got among the

Protestant clergy? I like all things above board; I hate concealment, I detest plots. There is evidently something to be accounted for; and the more cogently you prove that it is not referable to anything which we see, the graver suspicions do you awaken, that it is traceable to something which is hidden." Thus our Prejudiced Man simply ignores the possible existence of that special cause to which Catholics of course refer the growth of Catholicism, and which surely, if admitted, is sufficient to account for it—viz., that it is true. He will not admit the power of truth among the assignable conjectural causes. He would rather, I am sure, assign it to the agency of evil spirits, than suspect the possibility of a religion being true which he wills should be a falsehood.

3.

One word here as to this growth of Catholicism, of conversions, and converts;—the Prejudiced Man has his own view of it all. First, he denies that there are any conversions or converts at all. This is a bold game, and will not succeed in England, though I have been told that in Ireland it has been strenuously maintained. However, let him grant the fact, that converts there are, and he has a second ground to fall back upon: the converts are weak and foolish persons,—notoriously so: all their friends think so; there is not a man of any strength of character or force of intellect among them. They have either been dreaming over their folios, or have been caught with the tinsel embellishments of Popish worship. They are lack-a-daisical women, or conceited young parsons, or silly squires, or the very dregs of our large towns, who have nothing to lose, and no means of knowing one thing from another. Thirdly, in corroboration:—they went over, he says, on such exceedingly wrong motives; not any one of them but you may trace his conversion to something distinctly wrong; it was love of notoriety, it was restlessness, it was resentment, it was lightness of mind, it was self-will. There was trickery in his mode of taking the step, or inconsiderateness towards the

feelings of others. They went too soon, or they ought to have gone sooner. They ought to have told every one their doubts as soon as ever they felt them, and before they knew whether or not they should overcome them or no: if they had clerical charges in the Protestant Church, they ought to have flung them up at once, even at the risk of afterwards finding they had made a commotion for nothing. Or, on the other hand, what, forsooth, must these men do when a doubt came on their mind, but at once abandon all their clerical duty and go to Rome, as if it were possible anywhere to be absolutely certain? In short, they did not become Catholics at the right moment; so that, however numerous they may be, no weight whatever attaches to their conversion. As for him, it does not affect him at all; he means to die just where he is; indeed, these conversions are a positive argument in favour of Protestantism; he thinks still worse of Popery, in consequence of these men going over, than he did before. His fourth remark is of this sort:—they are sure to come back. He prophesies that by this time next year, not one of them will be a Catholic. His fifth is as bold as the first:—they *have* come back. This argument, however, of the Prejudiced Man admits at times of being shown to great advantage, should it so happen that the subjects of his remarks have, for some reason or other, gone abroad, for then there is nothing to restrain his imagination. Hence, directly a new Catholic is safely lodged two or three thousand miles away, out comes the confident news that he has returned to Protestantism; when no friend has the means to refute it. When this argument fails, as fail it must, by the time a letter can be answered, our Prejudiced Man falls back on his sixth commonplace, which is to the effect that the converts are very unhappy. He knows this on the first authority; he has seen letters declaring or showing it. They are quite altered men, very much disappointed with Catholicism, restless, and desirous to come back except from false shame. Seventhly, they are altogether deteriorated in character; they have become harsh, or overbearing, or conceited, or vulgar. They speak with

extreme bitterness against Protestantism, have cast off their late friends, or seem to forget that they ever were Protestants themselves. Eighthly, they have become infidels;—alas! heedless of false witness, the Prejudiced Man spreads the news about, right and left, in a tone of great concern and distress; he considers it very awful.

Lastly, when every resource has failed, and in spite of all that can be said, and surmised, and expressed, and hoped, about the persons in question, Catholics they have become, and Catholics they remain, the Prejudiced Man has a last resource; he simply forgets that Protestants they ever were. They cease to have antecedents; they cease to have any character, any history to which they may appeal: they merge in the great fog, in which to his eyes everything Catholic is enveloped: they are dwellers in the land of romance and fable; and, if he dimly contemplates them plunging and floundering amid the gloom, it is as griffins, wiverns, salamanders, the spawn of Popery, such as are said to sport in the depths of the sea, or to range amid the central sands of Africa. He forgets he ever heard of them; he has no duties to their names, he is released from all anxiety about them; they die to him.

Now, my Brothers, unless I should be obliged to allude to myself, I could, without bringing in other instances, show you, from my own experience, that there is no exaggeration in what I have been saying. I will go so far as to mention four facts about me, as they have been commonly reported. First, when I became a Catholic, grave persons, Protestant clergymen, attested (what they said was well known to others besides themselves) that either I was mad, or was in the most imminent danger of madness. They put it into the newspapers, and people were sometimes quite afraid to come and see me. Next, they put about, what they had prophesied beforehand as certain to be, that I had already the gravest differences with one from whom I had received nothing but kindness, and whom I regarded, and still regard, with no other feelings than those of gratitude and affection, Cardinal Wiseman. They had predicted it, and therefore so it must be, whether there was evidence of it or not.

I will quote to you the words of an eminent pulpit and platform clergyman, one of those two eloquent defenders of Protestantism, who lately gave out that every Catholic Priest ought to be hanged. "He believed," said the *Manchester Courier*, reporting his speech, "that already some of those reverend gentlemen, who had betaken themselves to Rome, under the idea that they were going to a scene of beauty and piety, had found that dark was the place behind the scenes that they had painted as so beautiful. So he believed it was with Mr. Newman. (Hear, hear.) He (the speaker) was told that Mr. Newman had a most sovereign contempt for Dr. Wiseman; and he was told that Dr. Wiseman had the utmost hatred for Mr. Newman. And he believed that result was brought about from Mr. Newman having seen Dr. Wiseman more closely, and Dr. Wiseman having found out that Mr. Newman saw through the mask, and discerned him as he was." You see "the wish was father to the thought." Thirdly, when I went to Rome, then at once a long succession of reports went about, to the effect that I had quarrelled with the ecclesiastical authorities there, and had refused to be ordained on their conditions; moreover, that I was on the point of turning Protestant, and that my friends about me had done so already. The list of good stories had not run out by the time I came back; they were too precious to be lost, any one of them; so it was circulated, when I came here to Birmingham, that I was suspended by the present Bishop of the diocese, and not allowed to preach. Fourthly and lastly, it has lately been put into the papers, under the sanction of respectable names, that I am not a believer in the Catholic doctrines; and broader still in private letters, that I have given up Revealed Religion altogether. I mention these instances, not for their own sake, but to illustrate the power of prejudice. Men are determined they will *not* believe that an educated Protestant can find peace and satisfaction in the Catholic Church; and they invent catastrophes for the occasion, which they think too certain to need testimony or proof. In the reports I have been setting down, there was not even a

rag or a shred of evidence to give plausibility to them.

I have been setting forth as yet the resources of the Prejudiced Man, when he has no facts whatever on his side, but all against him; but now let us suppose he has something or other to show; in that case it is plain that he finds it very much easier to maintain his position. If he could do so much with no materials at all, to what will he be unequal when he has really something or other, external and objective, to bring forward in his justification? "Trifles light as air," says the poet,

> "Are to the jealous confirmation strong
> As proofs of Holy Writ."

You may be sure he makes the most of them. A vast number of matters, we easily may understand, are of daily occurrence, which admit of an interpretation this way or that, and which are, in fact, interpreted by every one according to his own existing opinions. Rival philosophers seize on new discoveries, each as being in favour of his own hypothesis; it is not indeed many instances which are critical and decisive. Are we told of some strange appearance at night in some solitary place? Those who are fond of the marvellous, think it an apparition; those who live in the rational and tangible, decide that it has been some gleam of the moonbeam, or some wayfarer or beggar, or some trick intended to frighten the passer-by. Thus history also reads in one way to one, in another to another. There are those who think the French at the bottom of all the mischief which happens in England and Ireland; others lay it to the Russians. Our Prejudiced Man of course sees Catholics and Jesuits in everything, in every failure of the potato crop, every strike of the operatives, and every mercantile stoppage. His one idea of the Catholic Church haunts him incessantly, and he sees whole Popery, living and embodied, in every one of its professors, nay, in every word, gesture, and motion of each. A Catholic Priest cannot be grave or gay, silent or talkative, without giving matter of offence or suspicion. There is peril in his

frown, there is greater peril in his smile. His half sentences are filled up; his isolated acts are misdirected; nay, whether he eats or sleeps, in every mouthful and every nod he ever has in view one and one only object, the aggrandisement of the unwearied, relentless foe of freedom and of progress, the Catholic Church. The Prejudiced Man applauds himself for his sagacity, in seeing evidences of a plot at every turn; he groans to think that so many sensible men should doubt its extension all through Europe, though he begins to entertain the hope that the fact is breaking on the apprehension of the Government.

4.

The Prejudiced Man travels, and then everything he sees in Catholic countries only serves to make him more thankful that his notions are so true; and the more he sees of Popery, the more abominable he feels it to be. If there is any sin, any evil in a foreign population, though it be found among Protestants also, still Popery is clearly the cause of it. If great cities are the schools of vice, it is owing to Popery. If Sunday is profaned, if there is a Carnival, it is the fault of the Catholic Church. Then, there are no private homes, as in England, families live on staircases; see what it is to belong to a Popish country. Why do the Roman labourers wheel their barrows so slow on the Forum? why do the Lazzaroni of Naples lie so listlessly on the beach? why, but because they are under the *malaria* of a false religion. Rage, as is well-known, is in the Roman like a falling sickness, almost as if his will had no part in it, and he had no responsibility; see what it is to be a Papist. Bloodletting is as frequent and as much a matter of course in the South, as hair-cutting in England; it is a trick borrowed from the convents, when they wish to tame down refractory spirits.

The Prejudiced Man gets up at an English hour, has his breakfast at his leisure, and then saunters into some of the churches of the place; he is scandalised to have proof of what he has so often heard, the infrequency of communions among Catholics. Again and again, in

the course of his tour, has he entered them, and never by any chance did he see a solitary communicant:—hundreds, perhaps, having communicated in those very churches, according to their custom, before he was out of his bedroom. But what scandalises him most is, that even bishops and priests, nay, the Pope himself, does not communicate at the great festivals of the Church. He was at a great ceremonial, a High Mass, on Lady Day, at the Minerva; not one Cardinal communicated;—Pope and Cardinals, and every Priest present but the celebrant, having communicated, of course, each in his own Mass, and in his own chapel or church, early in the morning. Then the churches are so dirty; faded splendour, tawdriness, squalidness are the fashion of the day;—thanks to the Protestants and Infidels who, in almost every country where Catholicism is found, have stolen the revenues by which they were kept decent. He walks about and looks at the monuments, what is this? the figure of a woman: who can it be? His Protestant cicerone at his elbow, who perhaps has been chosen by his good father or guardian to protect him on his travels from a Catholic taint, whispers that it is Pope Joan, and he notes it down in his pocket-book accordingly. I am alluding to an incident which in its substance befell a most excellent person for whom I had and have a great esteem, whom I am sure I would not willingly offend, and who will not be hurt at this cursory mention of an unintentional mistake. He was positive he had seen Pope Joan in Rome,—I think, in St. Peter's; nay, he saw the inscription on the monument, beginning with the words, "Joannæ Papissæ." It was so remarkable a fact, and formed so plausible an argument against the inviolateness of the chair of St Peter, that it was thought worth inquiring into. I do not remember who it was that the female, thus elevated by his imagination, turned into in the process of investigation, whether into the Countess Matilda, or Queen Christina, or the figure of Religion in the vestibule of St Peter's; but certainly into no lady who had any claims on the occupation of the Ecumenical See.

This puts me in mind of another occurrence, of which

the publications of the day have recently been full. A lady of high literary reputation deposed that Denon and other French savans had given her the information that, in the days of the Republic or Consulate, they had examined St. Peter's chair in the Vatican Basilica, and had found that it unquestionably had come from the East, long after the age of the Apostle, for it had inscribed upon it the celebrated confession of Islamism, "There is one God, and Mahomet is his prophet." Her prejudices sharpened her memory, and she was positive in her testimony. Inquiry was made, and it turned out that the chair of which she had spoken was at Venice, not at Rome; that it had been brought thither by the Crusaders from the East, and therefore might well bear upon it the Mahometan inscription; and that tradition gave it the reputation of being, by no means the Roman, but the Antiochene Chair of the Apostle. In this, as in other mistakes, there was no deliberate intention to deceive; it was an ordinary result of an ordinary degree of prejudice. The voucher of the story was so firmly convinced, I suppose, of the "childish absurdity and falsehood of all the traditions of the Romish Church," that she thought it unnecessary to take pains to be very accurate, whether in her hearing or her memory.

Our Prejudiced Man might travel half his life up and down Catholic Europe, and only be confirmed in his contempt and hatred of its religion. In every place there are many worlds, quite distinct from each other: there are good men and bad, and the good form one body, the bad another. Two young men, as is well known, may pass through their course at a Protestant University, and come away with opposite reports of the state of the place: the one will have seen all the bad, the other all the good; one will say it is a sober, well-conducted place, the other will maintain that it is the home of every vice. The Prejudiced Man takes care to mix only in such society as will confirm his views; he courts the society of Protestants and unbelievers, and of bad Catholics, who shelter their own vice under the imputations they cast on others, and whose lives are a disgrace to the Church prior to their testimony. His

servants, couriers, *laquais de place*, and acquaintance, are all of his own way of thinking, and find it for their interest to flatter and confirm it. He carries England with him abroad; and though he has ascended mountains and traversed cities, knows scarcely more of Europe than when he set out.

But perhaps he does not leave England at all; he never has been abroad; it is all the same; he can scrape together quite as good evidence against Catholicism at home. One day he pays a visit to some Catholic chapel, or he casually finds the door open, and walks in. He enters and gazes about him, with a mixed feeling of wonder, expectation, and disgust; and according to circumstances, this or that feeling predominates, and shows itself in his bearing and his countenance. In one man it is curiosity; in another, scorn; in another, conscious superiority; in another, abhorrence; over all of their faces, however, there is a sort of uncomfortable feeling, as if they were in the cave of Trophonius or in a Mesmerist's lecture-room. One and all seem to believe that something strange and dreadful may happen any moment; and they crowd up together, if some great ceremony is going on, tip-toeing and staring, and making strange faces, like the gargoyles or screen ornaments of the church itself. Every sound of the bell, every movement of the candles, every change in the grouping of the sacred ministers and the assistants, puts their hands and limbs in motion, to see what is coming next; our own poor alleviation, in thinking of them, lying in this,—that they are really ignorant of what is going on, and miss, even with their bodily eyes, the distinctive parts of the rite. What is our ground of comfort, however, will be their ground of accusation against us; for they are sure to go away and report that our worship consists of crossings, bowing, genuflexions, incensings, locomotions, and revolvings, all about nothing.

5.

In this matter, my Brothers, as I have already said, the plain truth is the keenest of satires; and therefore, instead of using any words of my own, I shall put before

you a Protestant's account of a Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, which he went to see in the Chapel of the Fathers of the Oratory in London. I quote his words from a publication of an important body, the British Reformation Society, established in the year 1827, and supported, I believe, by a number of eminent persons, noblemen, gentlemen, and ministers of various denominations. The periodical I speak of is called "*The British Protestant, or Journal of the Religious Principles of the Reformation.*" It would seem to be one of the Society's accredited publications, as it has its device upon the title-page. In the 62nd number of this work, being the number for February, 1850, we are presented with "Extracts from the Journal of a Protestant Scripture Reader." This gentleman, among his missionary visits to various parts of London, dropt in, it seems, on Tuesday, January 8th, to the Roman Catholic Chapel in King William Street; which, he commences his narrative by telling us, for "the large roses of every colour, and laurel," "was more like the flower-shops in the grand row of Covent Garden than a place of worship." Well, he had a right to his opinion here as much as another; and I do not mean to molest him in it. Nor shall I say anything of his account of the sermon, which was upon one of the January Saints, and which he blames for not having in it "the Name of Jesus, or one word of Scripture," from beginning to end; not dreaming that a Rite was to follow, in which we not only bow before the Name, but worship the real and substantial Presence of our exalted Lord.

I need hardly observe to you, my Brothers, that the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is one of the simplest rites of the Church. The Priests enter and kneel down; one of them unlocks the Tabernacle, takes out the Blessed Sacrament, inserts It upright in a Monstrance of precious metal, and sets it in a conspicuous place above the altar, in the midst of lights, for all to see. The people then begin to sing; meanwhile the Priest twice offers incense to the King of heaven, before Whom he is kneeling. Then he takes the Monstrance in his hands, and turning to the people, blesses them with the Most Holy, in the form of a cross, while the bell is sounded by one of the

attendants to call attention to the ceremony. It is our Lord's solemn benediction of His people, as when He lifted up His hands over the children, or when He blessed His chosen ones when He ascended up from Mount Olivet. As sons might come before a parent before going to bed at night, so, once or twice a week, the great Catholic family comes before the Eternal Father, after the bustle or toil of the day, and He smiles upon them, and sheds upon them the light of His countenance. It is a full accomplishment of what the Priest invoked upon the Israelites, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord show His face to thee and have mercy on thee; the Lord turn His countenance to thee and give thee peace." Can there be a more touching rite, even in the judgment of those who do not believe in it? How many a man, not a Catholic, is moved, on seeing it, to say, "Oh, that I did but believe it!" when he sees the Priest take up the Fount of Mercy, and the people bent low in adoration! It is one of the most beautiful, natural, and soothing actions of the Church—not so, however, in the judgment of our young Protestant Scripture Reader, to whom I now return.

This Protestant Scripture Reader then, as he calls himself, enters the chapel, thinking, of course, he knows all about everything. He is the measure of everything, or at least of everything Popish. Popery he knows perfectly well, in substance, in spirit, in drift, in results; and he can interpret all the details when they come before him at once, by this previous, or what a theologian might term "infused," knowledge. He knows, and has known from a child, that Popery is a system of imposture, nay, such brazen imposture, that it is a marvel, or rather a miracle, that any one can be caught by it—a miracle, that is, of Satan: for without an evil influence it is quite impossible any single soul could believe what the Protestant Scripture Reader would call so "transparent a fraud." As a Scripture Reader, he knows well the text, Second of Thessalonians, chapter two, verse eleven, "He shall send them strong delusion that they should believe a lie," and he applies it to the scene before him. He knows that it is the one business of the Priest to take in the

people, and he knows that the people are so inconceivably brutish that nothing is too gross or absurd a trick to take them in withal. If the Priest were to put up a scarecrow, they, like the silly birds, would run away as if it were a man; and he has only to handle his balls or cards, and flourish them about, and they take him for a god. Indeed, we all know, he gives out he *is* a god, and can do what he pleases, for it is sin to doubt it. It is most wonderful, certainly, as to this Popery, that in spite of the Parliament all in a bustle, passing laws, as if against typhus or cholera, yet there it is, and spread it will; however, Satan is the father of lies; that is sufficient. With this great principle, I say, clearly impressed upon his mind, he walks into the chapel, knowing well he shall find some juggling there; accordingly, he is not at all surprised at the scene which passes before him. He looks on at his ease, and draws up his own account of it, all the time that the Catholic people are bowing and singing, and the Priest incensing; and his account runs thus:—

After the sermon, he tells us (I am quoting the very words of his Journal), "another young priest came in with a long wand in his hand, and an extinguisher on the top of it, and a small candle, and he began to light others." "*Another* young priest:" he thinks we are born priests; "priest" is a sort of race, or animal, or production, as oxen or sheep may be, and there are young priests and old priests, and black priests and white priests, and perhaps men priests and women priests; and so in came this "other young priest" with a wand. "With a wand:" he evidently thinks there is something religious about this lighter and extinguisher; it is a conjuror's wand; you will, I think, see presently I am borne out in saying this. He proceeds: "The next part of the play was four priests coming to the altar" (it is as I said; everything is a priest), "four priests, and Gordon in the middle:" this is a mistake, and an unwarrantable and rude use of the name of one of the Fathers of the London Oratory, my dear brother and friend, the Reverend Philip Gordon—for it was not he, and he was not a priest; accordingly, I should leave the name out, except that it adds a good

deal to the effect of the whole. "One of them," he proceeds, "took from a small cupboard on the altar," that is, from the tabernacle, "a gold star; this is the *head* of the Monstrance, in which is placed the Blessed Sacrament, "and screwed it on to a candlestick," that is, the *foot* of the Monstrance, "and placed it on the top of the altar, under the form of a beehive, supported by four pillars," that is, under the canopy. He calls the head of the Monstrance a star, because it consists of a circle surrounded by rays; and he seems to think it in some way connected with the season of the year, the Epiphany, when the Star appeared to the Wise Men.

"The Star," he proceeds, "glittered like diamonds, for it had a round lamp in the middle of it;" I suppose he means the glass covering the Blessed Sacrament, which reflected the light, and you will see clearly, as he goes on, that he actually thinks the whole congregation was worshipping this star and lamp. "This Star glittered like diamonds, for it had a round lamp in the middle of it; when placed under the beehive, the four priests began to burn incense, waving a large thing like a lanthorn" (the thurible) "towards the Star, and bowing themselves to kiss the foot of the altar before the Star." Now observe, my Brothers, I repeat, I am not blaming this person for not knowing a Catholic rite, which he had no means of knowing, but for thinking he knows it, when he does not know it, for coming into the chapel, with this most coxcombical idea in his head, that Popery is a piece of mummery, which any intelligent Protestant can see through, and therefore being not at all surprised, but thinking it very natural, when he finds four priests, a young priest with a wand, and a whole congregation, worshipping a gold star glittering like diamonds with a lamp in it. This is what I mean by *prejudice*.

Now you may really have a difficulty in believing that I have interpreted him rightly; so let me proceed. "The next piece acted was, one of them went to bring down the Star, and put it on the altar, while another put something like a white shawl round Gordon's shoulders." True; he means the veil which is put upon the Priest, before he turns round with the Blessed Sacrament in his

hand. "Gordon next takes the Star, and, turning his face to the people, to raise up the Star, with part of the shawl round the candlestick, the other two priests, one on each side of him, drawing the shawl, it showed a real piece of magic art." Now what makes this so amusing to the Catholic is, that, as far as the priest's actions go, it is really so accurately described. It is the description of one who has his eyes about him, and makes the best of them, but who, as he goes on, is ever putting his own absurd comment on everything which occurs in succession. Now, observe, he spoke of "magic;" let us see what the magic is, and what becomes of the Star, the lamp, and the candlestick with the shawl round it.

"As Gordon raised the Star, with his back to all the lighted candles on the altar, he clearly showed the Popish deceit, for *in the candlestick there is a bell.*" Here is his first great failure of fact; he could not be looking at two places at once; he heard the bell, which the attendant was ringing at one side; he did not see it; where could it be? his ready genius, that is, the genius of his wonderful prejudice about us, told him at once where it was. It was a piece of priestcraft, and the bell was concealed inside the foot of the candlestick;—listen. "As Gordon raised the Star, with his back turned to all the lighted candles on the altar, he clearly showed the Popish deceit; for in the candlestick there is a bell, that rung three times of its own accord, to deceive the blind fools more; and the light through the shawl showed so many colours, as Father Gordon moved his body; the bell ringing they could not see, for the candlestick was covered with part of this magic shawl, and Gordon's finger at work underneath."

Such is his account of the rite of Benediction; he is so densely ignorant of us, and so supremely confident of his knowledge, that he ventures to put in print something like the following rubrical direction for its celebration:—

☞ *First, a young priest setteth up a golden, diamond-like star, with a lamp in it, sticking it on to the top of a candlestick; then he lighteth fifty candles by means of a wand with an extinguisher and wax candle upon it; then*

four priests bow, burn incense, and wave a lanthorn before the star; then one of the priests, hiding what he is at, by means of a great shawl about his hands and the foot of the candlestick, taketh up said candlestick, with the lamp and gold star glittering like diamonds, and beginneth secretly to tinkle with his finger a bell hid in its foot; whereupon the whole congregation marvelleth much, and worshippeth star, lamp, and candlestick incontinently.

He ends with the following peroration:—"This is the power of priests; they are the best play actors in this town. I should be glad to see this published, that I might take it to Father Gordon, to see if he could contradict a word of it." Rather, such is the power of prejudice, by good luck expressed in writing, and given to the world, as a specimen of what goes on, without being recorded, in so many hundred thousands of minds. The very confidence with which he appeals to the accuracy of his testimony, only shows how prejudice can create or colour, where facts are harmless or natural. It is superior to facts, and lives in a world of its own.

Nor would it be at all to the purpose to object, that, had he known what the Rite really meant, he would quite as much, or even more, have called it idolatry. The point is not what *he* would think of our rites, if he understood them exactly, for I am not supposing his judgment to be worth anything at all, or that we are not as likely to be right as an individual Scripture Reader; the question is not, what he would judge, but what he did think, and how he came to think it. His prejudice interpreted our actions.

6.

Alas, my Brothers, though we have laughed at the extravagance which shows itself in such instances of prejudice, it is in truth no matter for a jest. If I laugh, it is to hide the deep feelings of various kinds which it necessarily excites in the mind. I laugh at what is laughable in the displays of this wretched root of evil, in order to turn away my thoughts from its nature and

effects, which are not laughable, but hateful and dangerous—dangerous to the Catholic, hateful to the Supreme Judge. When you see a beast of prey in his cage, you are led to laugh at its impotent fury, at its fretful motions and its sudden air, and its grotesque expressions of impatience, disappointment, and malice, if it is baulked of its revenge. And, as to this Prejudice, Brothers of the Oratory, really in itself it is one of the direst, most piteous, most awful phenomena in the whole country; to see a noble, generous people the victims of a moral infirmity, which is now a fever, now an ague, now a falling sickness, now a frenzy, and now a St. Vitus's dance! Oh, if we could see as the Angels see, thus should we speak of it, and in language far more solemn. I told you why, in an earlier part of this Lecture;—not simply because the evil comes from beneath, as I believe it does; not only because it so falls upon the soul, and occupies it, that it is like a bad dream or nightmare, which is so hard to shake off;—but chiefly because it is one of the worst sins of which our poor nature is capable. Perhaps it is wrong to compare sin with sin, but I declare to you, the more I think of it, the more intimately does this prejudice seem to me to corrupt the soul, even beyond those sins which are commonly called most deadly, as the various forms of impurity or pride. And why? because, I repeat it, it argues so astonishing a want of mere natural charity or love of our kind. It is piercing enough to think what little faith there is in the country; but it is quite heartrending to witness so utter a deficiency in a mere natural virtue. Oh, is it possible, that so many, many men, and women too, good and kind otherwise, should take such delight in being quite sure that millions of men have the sign and seal of the Evil One upon them! Oh, is it conceivable that they can be considerate in all matters of this life, friendly in social intercourse, indulgent to the wayward, charitable to the poor and outcast, merciful towards criminals, nay, kind towards the inferior creation, towards their cows, and horses, and swine; yet, as regards us, who bear the same form, speak the same tongue, breathe the same air, and walk the same streets, ruthless, relentless, believing

ill of us, and wishing to believe it! I repeat it, they wish us to be what they believe us to be; what a portentous fact! They delight to look at us, and to believe that we are the veriest reptiles and vermin which belied the human form divine. It is a dear thought, which they cannot bear to lose. True, it may have been taught them from their youth, they never may have had means to unlearn it,—that is not the point; they have never *wished* better things of us, they have never *hoped* better things. They are tenacious of what they believe, they are impatient of being argued with, they are angry at being contradicted, they are disappointed when a point is cleared up; they had rather that *we* should be guilty than *they* mistaken; they have no wish at all we should not be blaspheming hypocrites, stupid idolaters, loathsome profligates, unprincipled rogues, and bloodthirsty demons. They are kinder even to their dogs and their cats than to us. Is it not true? can it be denied? is it not portentous? does it not argue an incompleteness or hiatus in the very structure of their moral nature? has not something, in their case, dropped out of the list of natural qualities proper to man?

And hence it is, that, calm as may be the sky, and gentle the breeze, we cannot trust the morning: at any moment a furious tempest may be raised against us, and scatter calamity through our quiet homes, as long as the Prince of the power of the air retains this sovereignty. There is ever a predisposition in the political and social atmosphere to lour and thicken. We never are secure against the access of madness in that people, whose name and blood we share. Some accident,— a papal bull, worded as papal documents have been since the beginning of time, a sudden scandal among our priests or in our convents, or some bold and reckless falsehood, may raise all England against us. Such also was our condition in the first age of the Church: the chance of the hour brought the Pagan Romans upon us. A rash Christian tore down an Imperial manifesto from its place; the horrible Dioclesian persecution was the consequence. A crop failed, a foe appeared, it was all through the poor Christians. So speaks the early

Christian Apologist, the celebrated Tertullian, in his defence of us, about a hundred years after St. John's time. "They think the Christians," he says, "to be the cause of every public calamity, of every national ill. If the Tiber cometh up to the walls, if the Nile cometh not up to the fields, if the rain hath not fallen, if the earth hath been moved, if there be any famine, if any pestilence, *Christianos ad leonem*—to the lion with the Christians—is forthwith the cry." No limit could be put to the brutishness of the notions then entertained of us by the heathen. They believed we fed on children; they charged us with the most revolting forms of incest; they gave out that we worshipped beasts or monsters. "Now a new report of our God hath been lately set forth in this city," says the same Tertullian, "since a certain wretch put forth a picture with some such title as this,—The god of the Christians conceived of an ass. This was a creature with ass's ears, with a hoof on one foot, carrying a book, and wearing a gown. We smiled both at the name and the figure." Not indeed the same, but parallel, are the tales told of us now. Sottish absurdities are gravely appropriated as precious truths. Our very persons, not merely our professions, are held in abhorrence; we are spit at by the malevolent, we are passed with a shudder of contemptuous pity by the better natured; we are supposed to be defiled by some secret rites of blood by the ignorant. There is a mysterious pollution and repulsion about us, which makes those who feel its influence curious or anxious to investigate what it can be. We are regarded as something unclean, which a man would not touch, if he could help it: and our advances are met as would be those of some hideous baboon, or sloth, or rattlesnake, or toad, which strove to make itself agreeable.

7.

Is it wonderful, with this spirit of delusion on the faculties of the many, that charges against us are believed as soon as made? So was it two centuries ago; one or two abandoned men, Titus Oates, whom the Protestant

Hume calls "the most infamous of mankind," William Bedloe, who, the same writer says, was, "if possible, more infamous than Oates," and some others, aided by the lucky accident of the asasssination of a London magistrate, whose murderers were never discovered, were sufficient, by a bold catalogue of calumnies, to put the whole kingdom into a paroxysm of terror and suspicion. The fit had been some time coming on, when "the cry of a plot," says Hume, "all on a sudden, struck their ears. They were awakened from their slumber, and, like men affrighted in the dark, took every figure for a spectre. The terror of each man became a source of terror to another; and a universal panic being diffused, reason and argument, and common sense and common humanity, lost all influence over them."

Oates and Bedloe come forward to swear against us the most atrocious and impossible falsehoods. The Pope and Propaganda had claimed possession of England; and he had nominated the Jesuits to be his representatives here, and to hold the supreme power for him. All the offices of government had been filled up under the seal of this Society, and all the dignities of the Protestant Church given away, in great measure, to Spaniards and other foreigners. The king had been condemned to death as a heretic. There had been a meeting of fifty Jesuits in London during the foregoing May, when the king's death was determined on. He was to be shot or to be poisoned. The confessor of the French king had sent to London £10,000 as a reward for any one who would assassinate him; a Spanish ecclesiastic had offered £10,000 more; and the Prior of the Benedictines £6,000. The Queen's physician had been offered £10,000, and had asked £15,000, for the job; and had received an instalment of £5,000. Four Irish ruffians had been hired by the Jesuits at twenty guineas a-piece, to shoot the king at Windsor. Two others were also engaged, one at £1,500; the other, being a pious man, preferred to take out the money in masses, of which he was to receive £30,000. Another had been promised canonization and £500, if he was successful in the enterprise. There was a subscription going on among the Catholics

all through England, to collect sums for the same purpose. The Jesuits had determined to set fire to London, Southwark, and all the chief cities of the country. They were planning to set fire to all the shipping in the Thames. Twenty thousand Catholics were to rise in London in twenty-four hours' time, who, it was estimated, might cut the throats of 100,000 Protestants. The most eminent divines of the Establishment were especially marked for assassination. Ten thousand men were to be landed from abroad in the North, and were to seize Hull; and 20,000 or 30,000 religious men and pilgrims from Spain were to land in Wales.

Is all this grave history?—it is. Do not think I have added aught of my own; it is unnecessary. Invention cannot run with prejudice. Prejudice wins. Do not my true stories of Protestantism beat the fables against Catholicism of Achilli and Maria Monk? they are a romance, true and terrible.

What came of these wild allegations, preferred by men of infamous character, and favoured by the accident of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey's murder, by unknown assassins? "Without further reasoning," says Hume, "the cry rose that he had been assassinated by the Papists, on account of his taking Oates's evidence. The clamour was quickly propagated, and met with universal belief. Each hour teemed with new rumours and surmises. To deny the reality of the plot was to be an accomplice; to hesitate was criminal. Royalist, republican, churchman, sectary, courtier, patriot, all parties concurred in the illusion. The city prepared for its defence, as if the enemy were at its gates; the chains and posts were put up. . . . . The dead body of Godfrey was carried into the city, attended by vast multitudes. . . . . Seventy-two clergymen marched before; above a thousand persons of distinction followed after; and, at the funeral sermon, two able-bodied divines mounted the pulpit, and stood on each side of the preacher, lest, in paying the last duties to this unhappy magistrate, he should, before the whole people, be murdered by the Papists."

A recent historian adds to the picture:* "Every-

* Macaulay, History, vol. i. p. 235.

where," he says, "justices were busied in searching houses and seizing papers. All the gaols were filled with Papists. London had the aspect of a city in a state of siege. The trainbands were under arms all night. Preparations were made for barricading the great thoroughfares. Patrols marched up and down the streets. Cannon were placed round Whitehall. No citizen thought himself safe, unless he carried under his coat a small flail loaded with lead to brain the Popish assassins."

The Parliament kept pace with the people, a solemn fast was voted, and a form of prayer drawn up; five Catholic peers were committed to the Tower on charge of high treason; a member of the Commons, who in private society spoke strongly against the defenders of the plot, was expelled the House; and both Houses, Lords and Commons, voted, almost in the form of a dogmatic decree, "that there is, and hath been, a damnable and hellish plot, contrived and carried on by the Popish recusants, for assassinating the king, for subverting the Government, and for rooting-out and destroying the Protestant succession." Titus Oates was called the Saviour of his country; was lodged in Whitehall, protected by guards, and rewarded with a pension of £1200 a year.

I will not pursue the history of this remarkable frenzy into its deeds of blood, into the hangings, and embowellings, and the other horrors of which innocent Catholics were in due course the victims. Well had it been had the pretended plot ended with the worldly promotion of its wretched fabricators, whom at this day all the world gives up to reprobation and infamy. Oates and Bedloe were the Maria Monk, the Jeffreys, the Teodore, the Achilli of their hour, on a larger field; they spoke then as Protestant champions speak now, to the prejudices of the people: they equalled our own slanderers in falsehood and assurance,—in success they surpassed them.

We live in a happier age than our forefathers; at least, let us trust that the habits of society and the self-interest of classes and of sects will render it impossible that blind prejudice and brute passion should ever make innocence and helplessness their sport and their prey, as they did in the seventeenth century.

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